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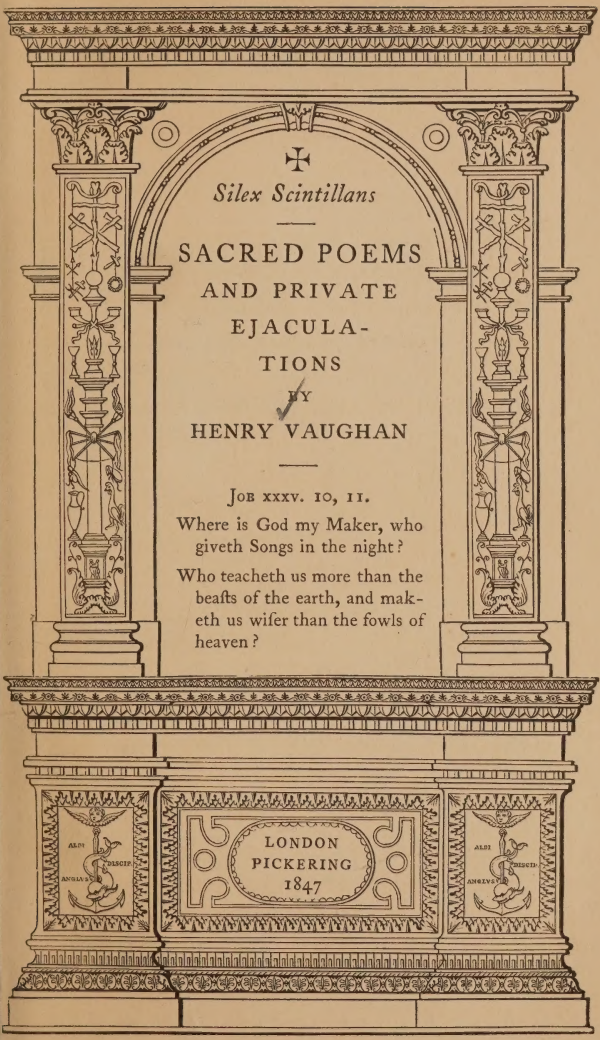

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Silex Scintillans

SACRED POEMS AND PRIVATE EJACULATIONS

BY

HENRY VAUGHAN

JOB XXXV. 10, 11.

Where is God my Maker, who giveth Songs in the night?

Who teacheth us more than the beasts of the earth, and maketh us wiser than the fowls of heaven?

LONDON
PICKERING
1847

Contents.

	Page
Biographical Sketch of Henry Vaughan	ix
The Author's Preface	li
Dedication	lxv
Author's (de se) Emblema	lxxi
Silex Scintillans, or Sacred Poems. Part I.	
Regeneration	3
Death. A Dialogue	6
Resurrection and Immortality	8
Day of Judgement	10
Religion	12
The Search	14
Isaac's Marriage	18
The Brittish Church	20
The Lampe	21
Man's Fall, and Recovery	22
The Showre	24
Distraction	25
The Pursuite	26
Mount of Olives	27
The Incarnation, and Passion	28
The Call	29
"Thou that know'st for whom I mourne,"	30
Vanity of Spirit	32
The Retreate	33
"Come, come! what doe I here?"	34
Midnight	35
Content	37
"Joy of my life while left me here!"	38
The Storm	39
The Morning-watch	40
The Evening-watch	41
"Silence and stealth of dayes! 'tis now,"	42
Church-Service	43
Buriall	44
Chearfulness	46
"Sure there's a tye of Bodyes! and as they"	47
Peace	48

SILEX SCINTILLANS. Page

The Paſſion 48
Rom. Cap. 8, ver. 19. 50
The Relapſe 52
The Reſolve 53
The Match 54
Rules and Leſſons 55
Corruption 61
H. Scriptures 62
Unprofitableneſs 63
Chriſt's Nativity 63
The Check 65
Diſorder and Frailty 67
Idle Verſe 69
Son-dayes 70
Repentance 71
The Burial of an Infant 74
Faith 75
The Dawning 76
Admiſſion 78
Praiſe 79
Dreſſing 81
Eaſter-day 83
Eaſter Hymn 83
The Holy Communion 84
Pſalm 121. 86
Affliction 87
The Tempeſt 88
Retirement 90
Love, and Diſcipline 92
The Pilgrimage 93
The Law, and the Goſpel 94
The World 96
The Mutinie 98
The Conſtellation 100
The Shepheards 102
Miſery 104
The Sap 107
Mount of Olives 109
Man 110
"I Walkt the other day, to ſpend my hour," . . 111
Begging 114

PART II.

Aſcenſion-day 117
Aſcenſion-Hymn 119
"They are all gone into the world of light!" . . 120
White Sunday 122

SILEX SCINTILLANS.

	Page
The Proffer	124
Cock-Crowing	126
The Starre	128
The Palm-tree	129
Joy	130
The Favour	131
The Garland	132
Love-ſick	133
Trinity-Sunday	134
Pſalme 104	135
The Bird	138
The Timber	139
The Jews	142
Begging	143
Palm-Sunday	144
Jeſus weeping	146
The Daughter of Herodias	147
Jeſus weeping	148
Providence	150
The Knot	152
The Ornament	153
St. Mary Magdalen	154
The Rain-bow	156
The Seed growing ſecretly	158
"As time one day by me did paſs,"	160
"Fair and yong light! my guide to holy"	161
The Stone	163
The dwelling-place	165
The Men of War	166
The Aſs	168
The hidden Treaſure	170
Childe-hood	171
The Night	173
Abel's blood	175
Righteouſneſs	176
Anguiſh	178
Tears	179
Jacob's Pillow, and Pillar	180
The Agreement	182
The day of Judgment	184
Pſalm 65	186
The Throne	187
Death	188
The Feaſt	189
The Obſequies	192
The Water-fall	193

SILEX SCINTILLANS. Page

Quickneſs 195
The Wreath 195
The Queer 196
The Book 197
To the Holy Bible 198
L'Envoy 199

PART III. THALIA REDIVIVA. PIOUS THOUGHTS AND EJACULATIONS.

To his Books 205
Looking back 206
The Shower 207
Diſcipline 207
The Eccliſpe 208
Affliction 208
Retirement 209
The Revival 210
The Day ſpring 210
The Recovery 212
The Nativity 213
The true Chriſtmas 214
The Requeſt 215
The World 216
The Bee 219
To Chriſtian Religion 223
Daphnis 224

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

HENRY VAUGHAN,

SILURIST.

Biographical Sketch of *Henry Vaughan.*

THE principal collections of the Britiſh poets were made at a time when the taſte for French correctneſs was in the aſcendant among us. This may in ſome meaſure account for the fact that ſo many ſmooth Rhymſters, ſuch as Pomfret, Yalden, Lanſdown, &c, have been placed on that auguſt liſt, while Lord Brooke, the Fletchers, Withers, Herrick, Habington, and Quarles, have been excluded from it; and it is only when ſome happy accident brings theſe writers and their productions under our notice, that we diſcover how many of the true poets of England have been puſhed from their places, to make room for mere

pretenders to the title. In ſome inſtances it would almoſt ſeem as if theſe writers had been ſtudiouſly run down by thoſe, who ſtole from them firſt, and then ſought to conſign them to obſcurity, in order to cover their own plagiariſms. From the days of Milton however, down to thoſe of Burns and Cowper, a very low ſtandard of poetic excellence prevailed in this country, and a trifling offence againſt good taſte, a ſlight ruggedneſs in ſtyle and compoſition, were ſufficient to condemn a poet of no mean order to oblivion; as if any correctneſs of taſte or ſmoothneſs of verſification could atone for the actual dearth of originality. Among thoſe who have experienced in a remarkable degree this unfair treatment is the Poet, a part of whoſe works we propoſe now to republiſh. He is entirely unnoticed in the great collections of Bell, Anderſon, and Chalmers; and even Campbell, in his ſpecimens of the Britiſh poets, ſpeaks in the moſt ſlighting manner of his talents and productions. All this however is trifling in compariſon with the treatment he receives at the hand of his own County

Hiſtorian, Jones. This writer actually doubts whether Henry Vaughan ever produced any poetry whatever. He tells us that two little pieces of his, the Olor Iſcanus, and the Charnel Houſe, were publiſhed by Thomas Vaughan, in the name of his brother Henry; but that they were generally believed to be Thomas Vaughan's own compoſitions. So ignorantly and flippantly could the Hiſtorian of Brecknockſhire write reſpecting one of its greateſt literary ornaments, whoſe works, now before us, amount to ſeven printed volumes. How far this depreciation was deſerved, the poems preſerved in the following pages will beſt teſtify; but we are much deceived if many of them do not commend themſelves to all readers of true poetic taſte, as among the moſt ſtriking compoſitions of their age. In this caſe a deſire will naturally ariſe to know ſomething reſpecting the Author, and this curioſity the Editor here endeavours to gratify: and after carefully looking through the aforeſaid volumes, and making what enquiries he could both at Oxford and in the neighbourhood where Vaughan lived and died,

he offers in the following biographical ſketch the reſults of his reſearches. It may be as well here further to obſerve that Henry Vaughan the poet, muſt not be confounded with another of the ſame name, college, and neighbourhood, who wrote two little theological pieces of ſome merit. Though poſſeſſing ſo many features in common they were, as the records of Jeſus College ſhow, totally different perſons.

Henry Vaughan, ſtyled by his contemporaries "the Siluriſt," from his having been born among the Silures, or people of South Wales, was deſcended from one of the moſt ancient and reſpectable families of the Principality, deducing its pedigree from the ancient kings of that country. Two of his anceſtors, Sir Roger Vaughan and Sir David Gam, loſt their lives at the battle of Agincourt. His great grandmother was Lady Frances Somerſet, daughter of Thomas Somerſet, third ſon of Henry Earl of Worceſter, and the poſſeſſions of the Vaughan family were very extenſive both in Brecknockſhire and in other parts of Wales. The chief family reſidence was the caſtle of Tretower, in

the parish of Cwmdû, and, when it was dismantled, Skethrock, or Scethrog, in the same neighbourhood. At this latter place Shakespeare is said to have paid a visit to one of the family, and his Commentator Malone thinks that it was perhaps there that he picked up the word "Puck," respecting the origin of which some of his critics have been much puzzled. Pooky in Welsh signifies a goblin, and near Scethrog exists a valley, Cwm-Pooky, the goblin's vale, which belonged to the Vaughans, and which a tradition, still extant, states to have been a favorite resort of some distinguished "Bard," who had once visited that neighbourhood. The grandfather of the poet appears to have migrated from Tretower to Newton, in the parish of Llansaintfread, about five miles distant from the family residence; and there his son Henry, in the year 1621, had issue Henry and Thomas Vaughan, twin brothers, the former of them the subject of the present memoir. Newton, once a comfortable mansion, is now a farm-house near the Usk, on the road leading from Crickhowel to Brecon,

and diſtant about five miles from the latter place. Henry Vaughan ſtyles it himſelf, in the date affixed to one of his dedications, "Newton by Uſke, near Sketh-rock." The ſituation is a very beautiful one, well calculated to nurſe poetic thought and feeling; and there is abundant evidence in Vaughan's works, to ſhow that it was not unappreciated by its poetic occupant. There are ſome very ſweet Latin verſes in one of his early volumes addreſſed to the Uſk, and the following lines occur in one of his Engliſh apoſtrophies to the ſame River;

> "Garlands and ſongs and roundelayes,
> Mild dewie nights, and ſunſhine dayes,
> The turtle's voyce, joy without fear,
> Dwell on thy boſome all the year!
> To Thee the wind from far ſhall bring
> The odours of the ſcattered ſpring,
> And loaden with the rich arreare
> Spend it in ſpicie whiſpers here."

At the age of eleven years Henry Vaughan and his brother were ſent for education to the Rev. Matthew Herbert, Rector of Llangattock, under whoſe tuition they continued during the enſuing ſix

years. Here they ſeem to have made conſiderable progreſs in claſſical literature, and to have imbibed a ſtrong affection for their tutor, as well as a lively ſenſe of their obligations toward him. They have both left behind them elegant and affectionate tributes in Latin Elegiacs to their old preceptor, and the graceful claſſicality of theſe compoſitions proves how well their praiſes were deſerved.

From Llangattock the brothers in due time moved on to Oxford, and entered at Jeſus College in the year 1638. They were then between 17 and 18 years of age, and well qualified for engaging in the ſtudies of the Univerſity. They had fallen however on times unpropitious to literary purſuits. The great rebellion was now fermenting, and politics ſeemed to puſh every thing elſe into the back ground. The King too by and by moved his Court from London to Oxford, where he had the ſympathy and ſupport of almoſt all the members of the Univerſity. It was ſcarcely to be expected that two young and ardent ſpirits, like thoſe of the Vaughans, would be indifferent to the

Royal cauſe. They were ſprung from a family diſtinguiſhed for its loyalty; and Wales throughout the Civil War was always favorable to Charles: accordingly we find them both zealous royaliſts. Thomas Vaughan actually bore arms on the King's ſide, and Henry ſuffered obloquy and impriſonment for his known and avowed attachment to his Royal maſter. This latter fact appears from a poem of his addreſſed to his "learned friend, and *loyal fellow priſoner*, Thomas Powell, D.D." Whether he ever actually took the field on the King's ſide may be a matter of doubt. He ſpeaks in a poem of his, of having been "torn from the ſide" of a dear young friend, R. W., in the battle of Rowton Heath, near Cheſter, 1645; and there are other paſſages in his works which ſeem to intimate that he had been engaged in actual conflict with the enemy. However, on the other hand a Latin poem of his, written in 1647, expreſsly aſſerts that he had then nothing to do with open warfare. He conſidered, he tells us, that there was a voice in a brother's blood, which would cry to Heaven

againſt the ſhedder of it, and therefore he conſcientiouſly abſtained from meeting in the field his infatuated Countrymen, though not from the advocacy of his Sovereign's cauſe by every means which he deemed legitimate. His brother Thomas however had none of theſe ſcruples; and as his Hiſtory is rather a ſingular one, it may as well be here purſued to its cloſe. Obtaining ordination from Biſhop Mainwaring, he was preſented by a diſtant relation to the living of Llanſaintfread, the place of his birth, and went to reſide there, cloſe to his brother Henry. The Parliamentary Eccleſiaſtical Commiſſioners ſoon afterwards commenced their inquiſitorial viſitations, and Thomas Vaughan was expelled by them from his living, on the uſual charges of drunkenneſs, ſwearing, incontinency, *and having borne arms for the King*, the latter probably being, as in many other inſtances, his only real offence. On this event he retired to Oxford, and devoted the reſt of his life to Chemiſtry, or rather Alchemy, under the auſpices of Sir Robert Murray, Secretary of State for Scotland, himſelf a

great admirer of these studies. While in his service Thomas Vaughan published several works in verse and prose under the title of Eugenius Philalethes. The names of some of these are very whimsical and amusing. There is first "Anima magica abscondita, or a discourse of the Universal Spirit of Nature, with the strange abstruse and miraculous ascent and descent.—London, 1650." "Anthropo-sophia Theomagica, or a discourse of the Nature of Man, and his state after death, grounded on his Creator's proto-chemistry. —London, 1650." "Magia Adamica, or the Antiquity of Magic, and the descent thereof from Adam downward, proved; together with a perfect and full discovery of the true Cœlum terræ, or the Magician's Heavenly Chaos, and first matter of all things.—London, 1650." The last that we shall mention is, "Euphrates, or the waters of the East, being a short discourse of that secret fountain, whose water flows from fire, and carries in it the beams of the sun and moon; Lond., 1653." In the year 1665, on the Plague breaking out in London, the Court of

Charles II. removed to Oxford, and Thomas Vaughan and his Patron accompanied it. A few days afterwards however, he was taken ill, and, retiring to Albury, in the neighbourhood, he died there, Feb. 27th, 1665. Anthony Wood ſums up his character by ſaying, "He was a great Chymiſt, a noted lover of the fire, an experimental Philoſopher, a zealous brother of the Roſicrucian fraternity, an underſtander of ſome of the Oriental languages, and a tolerable good Engliſh and Latin Poet. He was neither Papiſt nor Sectary, but a true reſolute Proteſtant, in the beſt ſenſe of the Church of England." The two Brothers ſeem to have been always ſtrongly attached to each other. Thomas had the higheſt admiration of his brother's poetical powers, and uſhered in his early works with ſtrong prefatorial commendations; and Henry pathetically laments his more eccentric brother's untimely death, in the verſes entitled "Daphnis," printed at the end of this volume.

It was during this period of Henry Vaughan's life that his earlieſt verſes were

produced. He was intimate with moſt of the young literary men of the day, and his occaſional effuſions appear to have been highly prized and long remembered among them. He ſpeaks with much delight of his occaſional viſits to London at this time, and of the ſocial evenings ſpent there at the Globe Tavern. He mentions Randolph as one whom he ſpecially delighted in. He flung his poetic tribute, along with ſo many others, on Cartwright's premature hearſe. Fletcher's plays, publiſhed in 1647, came out with commendatory verſes of his prefixed to them. And Ben Jonſon, "great Ben," ſeems to have been an object of his peculiar admiration. At this period alſo his own firſt publication was given to the world, a little volume of verſes, chiefly amatory, addreſſed to Amoret, in the light eaſy ſtyle of the day, and cloſing with a tranſlation—not a cloſe one—of the 10th ſatyre of Juvenal. Some of theſe poems exhibit a good deal of vigour and freedom in their verſification. The following is a favourable ſpecimen:

"But grant ſome richer planet at my birth
Had ſpied me out, and meaſured ſo much earth
Or gold unto my ſhare, I ſhould have been
Slave to theſe lower Elements, and ſeen
My high-born ſoul flagge with their droſſe, and lye
A priſoner to baſe mud and Alchemie.
I ſhould perhaps eate orphans, and ſucke up
A dozen diſtreſt widowes in one cup. * * *
Thanks then for this deliverance, Bleſſed Powers!
You that diſpenſe man's fortune and his houres!
How am I to you all engaged! that thus
By ſuch ſtrange meanes, almoſt miraculous,
You ſhould preſerve me! you have gone the way
To make me rich by taking all away.
For I, had I been rich, as ſure as fate,
Would have been meddling with the king or ſtate,
Or ſomething to undoe me; and 'tis fit,
We know, that who hath wealth ſhould have no wit.
But above all thanks to that Providence,
That armed me with a gallant ſoule and ſenſe
'Gainſt all misfortunes, that hath breathed ſo much
Of Heaven into me, that I ſcorn the touch
Of theſe low things, and can with courage dare
Whatever fate or malice can prepare.
I envy no man's purſe or mines. I know
That loſing them I've loſt their curſes too."

The little volume from whence theſe lines are taken is entitled, "Poems, with the tenth Satyre of Juvenal Engliſhed, by Henry Vaughan, Gent. London, 1646.

It became however now neceſſary that Henry Vaughan ſhould turn his attention to ſome profeſſion for a livelihood. Whatever patrimony may have deſcended to him by inheritance, it appears to have been inadequate to his ſupport. Beſides, he was a Poet, one of that race of whom he playfully ſays himſelf,

"Thou ſhalt not find a rich one. Take each clime,
And run o'er all the pilgrimage of time,
Thou'lt meet them poor, and everywhere deſcrie
A threadbare, gold-leſs genealogie."

That this lot was not indeed a very diſtreſſing one to him, we may conjecture from a paſſage already quoted, as well as from other fine lines of his, in which, addreſſing Fortune, he ſays,

"I care not for your wondrous hat and purſe!
The world's my palace. I'le contemplate there;
And make my progreſs into every ſphere.
The chambers of the aire are mine, thoſe three
Well furniſhed ſtories my poſſeſſion be.
I hold them all in Capite, and ſtand
Propt by my Fancy there. I ſcorn your land,
It lies ſo far below me. Here I ſee
How all the ſacred ſtars do circle me."

Then, after caſting off all the groſſer parts of nature, he proceeds,

" Get up, my diſentangled ſoul! thy fire
Is now refined, and nothing left to tire
Or clog thy wings. Now my auſpicious flight
Hath brought me to the Empyrean light.
I am a ſeparate eſſence, and can ſee
The emanations of the Deitie.
And how they paſs the ſeraphims, and run
Through every throne and Domination.
With angels now and ſpirits do I dwell;
And here it is my nature to do well.
And ſhall I then forſake the ſtars and ſigns,
To dote upon thy dark and curſed mines?"

All this however, though fine in the way of poetic ſpeculation, would not do for every day practice. Accordingly Henry Vaughan, having no taſte for the Church, (indeed there was not much to attract him thither in ſuch times) turned his attention to medical purſuits, and leaving Oxford without graduating there he went to London, and in due time became M. D., and retired to practice at Brecknock (now Brecon) the county Town, a few miles diſtant from his native place. He found things greatly changed there under the republican regime, and not very congenial, it would ſeem, to his own feelings.

" Here's brotherly Ruffs and Beards, and a ſtrange
fight
Of high monumental Hats, tane at the fight
Of eighty eight; while every Burgeſſe foots
The mortal Pavement in eternall boots."

We find him accordingly ſoon migrating from thence to his native reſidence, Newton, where he continued to purſue his profeſſion, and to employ his leiſure hours in various literary occupations.

About this time it was that he prepared for the preſs his little volume entitled "Olor Iſcanus," the ſwan of the Uſk, the dedication of which to the Lord Kildare Digby, bears date December 17, 1647. This volume however he never himſelf publiſhed. It appears to have been conſigned to the hands of his brother, when he returned to Oxford on his ejection from the living of Llanſaintfread, and in 1651, three years afterwards, it was printed by him, with an apologetic advertiſement, and commendatory verſes from himſelf and other Oxford friends. Thomas Vaughan, in his addreſs to the Reader, expreſsly ſays, "I have not the Author's approbation to the fact," (viz,

of publication) "but I have the Law on my ſide," (as) "I hold it no man's prerogative to fire his own houſe." It would appear therefore that Henry Vaughan wiſhed to have deſtroyed theſe ebullitions of his youthful muſe, as he had many others of the ſame kind, and that they were in the end publiſhed contrary to his deſire. Yet there is really nothing objectionable in the volume. The poems contained in it are not of a ſtrictly religious character; yet they are full of juſt and noble ſentiments; and I am not aware of a line that any one need have been aſhamed of. The volume, when complete, has a curious frontiſpiece, engraved by Robert Vaughan (qu. a relation?) with the Swan of the Uſk, very conſpicuous in the centre of it, and ſome Latin verſes, "ad Poſteros," before it, giving in enigmatical language, a ſlight ſketch of the Author's life and opinions. The matter conſiſts of original poems, many of them addreſſed to perſons of the Author's acquaintance, together with tranſlations from Ovid's Triſtia, Boethius, and Caſimir, and a brief

ſpecimen or two will ſuffice to ſhow, that they are not without their beauties.

In an Epithalamium occur theſe lines,

"Freſh as the houres may all your pleaſures be,
And healthfull as Eternitie!
Sweet as the flowre's firſt breath, and cloſe
As th' unſeen ſpreadings of the Roſe,
When he unfolds his curtained head,
And makes his boſome the Sun's bed!

Of the Lady Elizabeth, daughter of James I., he ſays,

"Thou ſeem'ſt a roſe-bud born in ſnow,
A flowre of purpoſe ſprung to bow
To heedleſs tempeſts, and the rage
Of an incenſed ſtormie age.
And yet as Balm-trees gently ſpend
Their tears for thoſe that doe them rend,
Thou didſt not murmure nor revile,
But drank'ſt thy wormwood with a ſmile."

In a different ſtrain he thus concludes an invitation to a friend to Brecknock.

"Come then! and while the ſlow isicle hangs
At the ſtiffe thatch, and Winter's froſtie pangs
Benumme the year, blithe as of old let us
Mid' noiſe and war, of peace and mirth diſcuſſe.
This portion thou wert born for. Why ſhould we
Vex at the time's ridiculous miſerie?
An age that thus hath fooled itſelf, and will,
Spite of thy teeth and mine, perſiſt ſo ſtill.

Let's ſit then at this fire; and, while wee ſteal
A revell in the Town, let others ſeal,
Purchaſe, and cheat, and who can let them pay,
Till thoſe black deeds bring on the darkſome day.
Innocent ſpenders wee! a better uſe
Shall wear out our ſhort leaſe, and leave the obtuſe
Rout to their huſks. They and their bags at beſt
Have cares in earneſt. Wee care for a jeſt!"

Another poem, the Chriſtian Politician, thus ends:

"Come then, rare politicians of the time,
Brains of ſome ſtanding, Elders in our clime,
See here the method. A wiſe ſolid ſtate
Is quick in acting, friendly in debate,
Joynt in advice, in reſolutions juſt,
Mild in ſucceſſe, true to the Common truſt.
It cements ruptures, and by gentle hand
Allayes the heat and burnings of a land.
Religion guides it; and in all the tract
Deſignes ſo twiſt, that Heaven confirms the act.
If from theſe liſts you wander, as you ſteere,
Look back, and catechiſe your actions here.
Theſe are the marks to which true ſtateſmen tend,
And greatneſs here with goodneſs hath one end."

We can only afford room for one ſpecimen of the tranſlations.

BOETHIUS, METRUM 4.

"Whoſe calme ſoule in a ſettled ſtate
Kicks under foot the frowns of fate,

And in his fortunes bad or good
Keep the ſame temper in his bloud,
Not him the flaming clouds above,
Nor Ætna's fierie tempeſts, move.
No fretting ſeas from ſhore to ſhore,
Boyling with indignation o'er,
Nor burning thunderbolt, that can
A mountain ſhake, can ſtirre this man!"

At the cloſe of this volume are inſerted four proſe tranſlations, all of them bearing more or leſs on the Author's purſuits or circumſtances. The firſt, "on the benefit we may get by our enemies," from Plutarch; the ſecond, "Of the Diſeaſes of the Mind and Bodie," from the ſame; another, on the ſame ſubject, from Maximus Tyrius; and laſtly, "the praiſe and happineſſe of the Country Life," from the Spaniſh of Guevara. All theſe have ſeparate title-pages, and were publiſhed in the year 1651.

We now however approach a very important period of our Poet's life, when a change ſeems to have come over his ſpirit, which influenced it to the cloſe of his earthly career. He was at this time viſited by a ſevere and lingering illneſs, of what character exactly is not ſpecified. It was

however of a nature to bring him to the brink of the grave, and to keep him long in a ſtate of ſolitude and ſuffering; and while he was in this condition more deep and ſolemn religious views and feelings appear to have broken in upon his ſoul than any he had before harboured. The high and holy claims of God, the infinite importance of eternity, the worthleſſneſs of the world and the folly of living for it, the baſeneſs of ſin and the conſequences of indulging in it, all ſeem to have preſſed heavily on his mind at this criſis, and to have filled him with great humility and ſerioufneſs; and though he ſubſequently learned to look with hope and comfort to the mercy of God, vouchſafed to the penitent, through the death and merits of Chriſt Jeſus, ſtill this ſpirit of lowly watchfulneſs, ſo ſuitable to frail humanity, ſeems never to have left him. He carried it with him to his dying bed; and it appears in the Epitaph he wiſhed to be inſcribed on his tomb. During this period likewiſe, he ſeems to have had his affections ſeverely tried by the untimely death of friends. There are in the pieces

compoſed by him at this ſeaſon many touching, though obſcure alluſions to ſuch loſſes. And theſe, along with his other trials, contributed to break up the fallow ground in his heart, and prepare it for the reception of the divine ſeed that was ſubſequently ſown there. Juſt at this time he became acquainted with the writings of George Herbert, and derived from them ſo much of comfort and inſtruction, that he determined to make the life and compoſitions of that holy man his own future models. In imitation therefore of his Temple, he compoſed, during the intervals of exemption from acute ſuffering, a number of little "Sacred Poems, and private Ejaculations;" and while his Oxford friends were publiſhing, contrary to his wiſhes, the Olor Iſcanus, he gave the world a more faithful record of his mind and heart, in a collection of theſe, entitled, "Silex Scintillans," (Sparks from the flintſtone.) This work was printed in London in the year 1650, and conſiſted of only one of the two parts ſubſequently publiſhed together.

Cloſe upon this publication followed a

little book of devotions in proſe, entitled, "The Mount of Olives," and printed in the year 1652. It conſiſts entirely of prayers, meditations, and admonitions, all excellent of their kind, and calculated at once to benefit the reader, and raiſe the writer in his eſtimation. There is little or no poetry in the volume, the only original poetical production there being a kind of preface to the laſt piece in the volume, "an excellent diſcourſe of the bleſſed ſtate of man in glory, written by the moſt reverend and holy Father Anſelm, Archbiſhop of Canterbury." The lines are as follows,

Here Holy Anſelme lives in every page,
And ſits archbiſhop ſtill to vex the age.
Had he foreſeen, (and who knows but he did?)—
This fatal wrack, which deepe in time lay hid,
'Tis but juſt to believe, that little hand,
Which clouded him, but now benights our land,
Had never like Elias driven him hence,
A ſad retirer for a ſlight offence.
For were he now, like the returning year,
Reſtored to view theſe deſolations here,
He would do penance for his old complaint,
And weeping ſay, that Rufus was a Saint.

This work is dedicated, October 1ſt,

1651, to Sir Charles Egerton Knight, to whom the writer ſays, "I know, Sir, you will be pleaſed to accept this poore olive leafe preſented to you, ſo that I ſhall not be driven to put forth my hand to take in my Dove again." It will be conjectured, from the Epithets given to St. Anſelm, that Vaughan's religious ſpirit, though very fervent and real, was not exactly of the character of that which prevailed at this time. The Puritan principle had been to cry down antiquity, and pour contempt on that which was authorized and eſtabliſhed. Vaughan on the other hand was a lover of order. He knew how to diſtinguiſh between forms and formality. He delighted to look up to the great and good of other days for direction and precedent. What others before him had found to be conducive to their ſpiritual welfare, might, he thought, conduce to his. He was glad therefore to liſten to their teaching, and conform to their example; and inſtruction always came to him with additional weight and force, when backed by ſuch authority.

At no very diſtant period Vaughan

ſent forth another little volume in proſe, entitled, "Flores Solitudinis," (Flowers of Solitude) "certaine pieces collected by him in his ſickneſſe and retirement." There are, firſt, two diſcourſes, the one "of Temperance and Patience," and the other "of Life and Death," tranſlated, in 1652, from the Latin of Nierembergius; ſecondly, "the World Contemned," taken from Eucherius, Biſhop of Lyons; and thirdly, "the Life of Paulinus, Biſhop of Nola," compiled by Vaughan himſelf. Theſe are dedicated to the ſame Sir Charles Egerton, to whom his Mount of Olives was inſcribed, and his addreſs to him concludes in theſe words; "You will "look upon my ſuddaine and ſmall pre- "ſents as upon ſome forward flowers, "whoſe kinde haſte hath brought them "above ground in cold weather. The "uncertainty of life, and a peeviſh incon- "ſtant ſtate of health, would not ſuffer "me to ſtay for greater performances, or "a better ſeaſon, leſt, loſing this, I ſhould "never again have the opportunity to "manifeſt, how much and how ſincerely "I am, Sir, your Servant &c." Theſe

pieces, Vaughan tells us, were likewiſe tranſlated by him during his long illneſs. They had comforted and inſtructed him under his heavy afflictions, and he publiſhed them in the hope that they might produce like effects on others, and enable them likewiſe to give up the world for God. "To leave the world," he ſays in his preface, "when it leaves us, is both ſordid and ſorrowful: I honour that temper which can lay by the garland when he might keep it on; which can paſs by a roſebud, and bid it grow, when he is invited to crop it." It is a remarkable circumſtance that ſome of the moſt ſweet and ſimple proſe writers in our language are to be found among thoſe, whoſe compoſitions in verſe are the moſt full of affectations and conceits. What a diſſimilarity for inſtance is there between Cowley's "Eſſays" and his "Miſtreſs," between Donne's "Sermons" and his "Poems"! Quarles's groteſque quaintneſs in his "Emblems" curiouſly contraſts with the ſimple ſtrength of his "Judgment and Mercy"; and we find little of the Epigrammatic abruptneſs of the "Night

Thoughts" in Young's "Centaur not fabulous." And if Vaughan had attempted any great original work in proſe, it ſeems highly probable, from the brief ſpecimens which we have of his capabilities, that he would have excelled in this ſpecies of compoſition likewiſe. The ſubjects however, on which he employed his pen, appear to have had no intereſt for the public at this period. Indeed, tranſlations from the Fathers were not likely at ſuch a time to meet with many ſympathizing readers. The world had been deluged by the Puritans with their weak and waſhy publications. Still their crude theology was that generally in vogue. Thoſe, who had been diſpoſed to go up and drink at the ſtream a little nearer to its ſource, had paſſed away with the exiled Coſins and Bramhalls of a former generation. The Court party was ſoon to come back from France vitiated alike in taſte and principles, and ready to make a jeſt of every thing religious. This then, was not a time at which treatiſes, ſuch as thoſe now publiſhed by Henry Vaughan, were likely to become popular. They were

accordingly never reprinted, and their very exiſtence is almoſt unknown to ordinary Engliſh Readers. The following verſes cloſe this little volume, of which the laſt thirty-four lines are very ſtriking.

ST. PAULINUS, TO HIS WIFE, THERASIA.

" Come, my true Conſort in my joyes and care,
Let this uncertaine and ſtill waſting ſhare
Of our fraile life be given to God! you ſee,
How the ſwift dayes drive hence inceſſantlie;
And the fraile drooping world, though ſtill thought gay,
In ſecret ſlow conſumption weares away.
All that we have paſſe from us, and once paſt,
Returne no more. Like clouds they ſeeme to laſt,
And ſo delude looſe greedy mindes. But where
Are now thoſe trim deceits? To what dark ſphere
Are all thoſe falſe fires ſunk, which once ſo ſhined,
They captivated ſoules and ruled mankind?
And what, Theraſia, doth it us availe,
That ſpatious ſtreames ſhall flow and never faile,
That aged forreſts live to tyre the winds,
And flowers each Spring returne and keepe their kinds?
Thoſe ſtill remaine; but all our Fathers dyed;
And we ourſelves but for few dayes abide.

This ſhort tyme then was not given us in vaine,
To whom tyme dyes, in which we dying gaine;
But that in tyme eternall life ſhould be
Our care, and endleſſe reſt our induſtrie.
And yet this taſke, which the rebellious deeme
Too harſh, who God's mild lawes for chaines eſteem,

Suites with the meeke and harmleſſe heart ſo right,
That 'tis all eaſe, all comfort, and delight.
" To love our God with all our ſtrength and will;
" To covet nothing; to deviſe no ill
" Againſt our neighbours; to procure or doe
" Nothing to others which we would not to
" Our very ſelves; not to revenge our wrong;
" To be content with little; not to long
" For wealth and greatneſſe; to deſpiſe or jeare
" No man; and, if we be deſpiſed, to bear:
" To feed the hungry; to hold faſt our crown;
" To take from others nought to give our owne."
Theſe are his precepts, and alas in theſe
What is ſo hard but faith may doe with eaſe?
He that the holy Prophets doth beleeve,
And on God's words relies, (words that ſtill live,
And cannot dye) that in his heart hath writ
His Saviour's death and triumph; and doth yet
With conſtant care admitting no neglect
His ſecond dreadfull coming ſtill expect;
To ſuch a liver earthy things are dead;
With Heaven alone, and Hopes of Heaven hee's fed.
He is no vaſſall unto worldly traſh,
Nor that black knowledge, which pretends to waſh,
But doth defile; a knowledge by which men
With ſtudied care loſe Paradiſe again.
Commands and titles, the vaine world's device,
With gold, the forward ſeed of ſin and vice,
He never minds. His ayme is farre more high;
And ſtoopes to nothing lower than the ſkye.
Nor griefs nor pleaſures breede him any pain:
He nothing feares to loſe; would nothing gaine.

Whatever hath not God he doth deteſt.
He lives to Chriſt; is dead to all the reſt.
This Holy One, ſent hither from above,
A Virgin brought forth, ſhadowed by the Dove.
A crown of Thornes His bleſſed head did wound,
Nayles pierced His hands and feet, and He faſt bound
Stuck to the painfull croſſe, where, hanged till dead,
With a cold ſpeare his heart's dear blood was ſhed.
All this for man, for bad ungratefull man,
The true God ſuffered: not that ſuffering can
Adde to his glory aught, who can receive
Acceſſe from nothing; whom none can bereave
Of his all-fulneſſe: but the bleſt deſigne
Of His ſad death was to ſave me from mine.
He dying bore my ſins; and the third day
His early riſing raiſed me from the clay.
To ſuch great mercies what ſhall I preferre,
Or who from loving God ſhall mee deterre?
Burne mee alive with curious ſkilfull paine,
Cut up and ſearch each warme and breathing vein;
When all is done death brings a quick releaſe,
And the poore mangled body ſleepes in peace.
Hale mee to priſons; ſhut mee up in braſſe:
My ſtill free ſoule from thence to God ſhall paſſe.
Baniſh or bind me; I can be no where
A ſtranger or alone; my God is there.
I fear not famine. How can he be ſaid
To Starve, who feedes upon the Living Bread?
And yet this courage ſprings not from my ſtore;
Chriſt gave it mee, who can give much, much more.
I of myſelf can nothing dare or doe;
He bids mee fight; and makes mee Conquer too.

If like great Abraham I ſhould have command
To leave my father's houſe and native land,
I would with joy to unknown regions run,
Bearing the banner of His bleſſed Son.
On worldly goods I will have no deſigne;
But uſe my owne, as if mine were not mine.
Wealth I'll not wonder at, nor greatneſſe ſeeke;
But chuſe, though laughed at, to be poore and meake.
In woe and wealth I'll keepe the ſame ſtayed mind;
Grief ſhall not breake me, nor joyes make me blind!

Then come, my faithfull conſort, joyne with me
In this good fight, and my true helper be!
Cheer me when ſad, adviſe me when I ſtray;
Let us be each the other's guide and ſtay.
Be your Lord's guardian. Give joynt ayde and due;
Helpe him when ſalne; Riſe when he helpeth you.
That ſo we may not onely one fleſh bee,
But in one Spirit and one will agree!"

It would be gratifying to be able to ſtate that Henry Vaughan's poetry, replete as it is with beauty and originality, had met with a better reception than his proſe. But we cannot in honeſty ſay that this was the caſe. That he had his admirers among the diſcerning few there can be no doubt. His friends at Oxford more eſpecially ſeem to have treaſured up carefully every ſcrap of verſe that fell from his pen. But with the public at large,

and particularly with reference to his religious poetry, it was far otherwiſe. It might at firſt ſight appear that his Silex Scintillans had at leaſt found readers enough to carry it through a ſecond edition. A volume ſo deſignated by the Publiſher was ſent forth in the year 1655, containing all the poems printed in the year 1651, together with a ſecond part, almoſt equal in extent to the former, and the whole preceded by a very intereſting preface, full of juſt thoughts and pious ſentiments. But on cloſer inſpection it is evident that we have here only the unſold copies of the volume before publiſhed, with the preface and ſecond part added to them, and a new title prefixed to the whole. All this is diſcernible from the paging of this nominally ſecond edition, and it ſpeaks loudly of the neglect which the previous volume had experienced. The poems contained in this ſecond part are in no reſpect inferior to thoſe before publiſhed. Indeed in ſome points they preſent rather an improvement on them. They ſeem to exhibit more of Vaughan's own natural vein, and leſs of that of his excellent maſter. Pre-

ſerving all the piety of George Herbert, they have leſs of his quaint and fantaſtic turns, with a much larger infuſion of poetic feeling and expreſſion. Their merits however ſeem to have been but ill appreciated by the taſteleſs and godleſs generation for whom Vaughan wrote, and his little volume accordingly ſoon ſank into oblivion. We learn from its contents that the Author was ſtill a ſufferer, his body ſtill labouring under the protracted illneſs that had attacked him five years before, and his heart bleeding from the further loſs of beloved relatives and friends.

It is ſcarcely to be wondered that, under ſuch diſcouraging circumſtances, Henry Vaughan, in the prime of life, and the full maturity of his talents, ſhould have ceaſed from all further Authorſhip. Accordingly during the forty years that he lived, after the ſecond edition of his Silex, he gave nothing more to the public. In the year 1678 however, one of his zealous Oxford friends, J. W. (the initials have not been verified) ſent forth a little volume, entitled "Thalia Rediviva, the paſſtimes and diverſions of a Countrey Muſe," which, though

it contains no reference to Henry Vaughan in the title page, conſiſts entirely of his poetry, together with a few of his brother Thomas's Latin verſes appended. But in this publication Henry Vaughan took no part, though there is no reaſon to ſuppoſe that he was actually oppoſed to it. The contents are of a motley deſcription, conſiſting of elegies, tranſlations, addreſſes to individuals, and are evidently of the moſt various dates, ſome of them written in his youthful days at the Univerſity, and others in his maturer years, ſubſequently in all probability to the publication of the Silex Scintillans. The Volume is uſhered in by commendatory verſes from "the matchleſs Orinda," Mrs. Catherine Philips, Dr. Thomas Powell, and other Oxford friends and admirers, and contains nothing which the moſt faſtidious moraliſt could find fault with. At the cloſe of the work is a collection of religious pieces, entitled "pious thoughts and ejaculations," the whole of which, together with a Paſtoral Elegy on the death of Thomas Vaughan, we have included in the volume now publiſhed, ſo that the whole of Henry Vaughan's reli-

gious poetry may ſtand at once before the reader.

From the time of this laſt publication to that of his death we have no further information to furniſh reſpecting our Author. He appears to have ſtolen away altogether from public life, to purſue his quiet walk with God, and enjoy the converſe of ſuch friends as were ſtill left to him; and found abundant ſcope for the exerciſe of his powers, in the labours of a uſeful profeſſion, and the education of his growing family. He was twice married, and had by his firſt wife five children, two ſons and three daughters, and by the ſecond one daughter. Of the latter alone is anything further known. She married John Turberville, and her granddaughter died ſingle in 1780 aged 92. For himſelf he had the ſatisfaction of cloſing his days under the roof and amidſt the ſcenes where they had commenced. His beloved Uſk and the beautiful Vale through which it flows were daily before his eyes to the laſt, and probably afforded him many a poetic ramble, when his more ſerious avocations admitted of them. It would appear from

one of his little Latin poems, that he was a fiſherman, and the moral with which he accompanies a ſalmon of his own catching, ſent as a preſent to a friend, would ſeem to imply that this amuſement was occaſionally purſued by him even in riper and more thoughtful years. But theſe little conjectural notices of his ordinary life and avocations muſt neceſſarily reſt on very ſlender data. Much more ſatisfactory is it to know, that he died, as he lived, in holy conſciouſneſs of his own unworthineſs, and in humble dependence on the merits of his Redeemer. He departed this life, April the 23rd, in the year 1695, aged 73, and deſired that the following inſcription ſhould be placed on his tomb,

"Servus inutilis,
Peccator maximus,
Hic jaceo.
Gloria! † miſerere!"

'An unprofitable ſervant the chief of ſinners I lie here. Glory be to God! † Lord have mercy upon me!'

Such are the particulars that we have been able to gather reſpecting Henry Vaughan and his works. They preſent

a picture of one who lived to God rather than to man; and if there is little of incident in the details, let us remember, that it is with the lives of private individuals as with the reigns of Princes; those are often the happiest and most prosperous, which make the least noise and show in the page of History. The mind and heart of our Author are abundantly exhibited in his writings, which are full of individuality; and while we would deprecate pledging ourselves to every sentiment they contain, we feel that they claim for him unvarying respect, and commend themselves to us as the genuine overflowings of a sincere and humble spirit. We feel, while reading them, that we have to do with a truly good and earnest man. His poems display much originality of thought, and frequently likewise much felicity of expression. The former is indeed at times condensed into obscurity, and the latter defaced with quaintness. But Vaughan never degenerates into a smooth versifier of common places. One indeed of his great faults as a poet, is the attempt to crowd too much of matter into his

ſentences, ſo that they read roughly and inharmoniouſly, the words almoſt elbowing each other out of the lines. His rhymes too are frequently defective, and he delights in making the ſenſe of one line run over into the line following. This, when not overdone, is doubtleſs a beauty in verſification, and redeems it from that monotony, which ſo offends in the poets of Queen Anne's time. Yet even this may be puſhed to exceſs, and become by its uniformity liable itſelf to the imputation of monotony. Take for inſtance the very beautiful lines of Vaughan entitled "Rules and Leſſons," the firſt five ſtanzas of which ſtrikingly exemplify the fault here ſpecified; and it was perhaps their conſequent harſhneſs, that induced Bernard Barton to tranſpoſe them, not infelicitouſly, into a different ſtanza. A more favourable ſpecimen of line flowing into line is the following morning addreſs to a "Bird."

Hither thou com'ſt. The buſie wind all night
Blew through thy lodging; where thy own warm wing
Thy pillow was: and many a ſullen ſtorm,
For which coarſe man ſeems much the fitter born,
Rained on thy bed,
And harmleſs head;

And now as freſh and cheerful as the light
Thy little heart in early hymns doth ſing!

This will be felt to be very tender and beautiful, notwithſtanding the imperfect rhyme in the fourth line; and the volume now republiſhed is full of like paſſages. Indeed it may with truth be ſaid of Vaughan that his faults are in a great meaſure thoſe of the age he lived in, and the maſter he imitated, while his beauties are all his own. That he will ever become a thoroughly popular poet is ſcarcely to be expected in this age. But among thoſe who can prize poetic thought, even when clad in a dreſs ſomewhat quaint and antiquated, who love to commune with a heart overflowing with religious ardour, and who do not value this the leſs, becauſe it has been lighted at the earlier and purer fires of Chriſtianity, and has caught a portion of their youthful glow, poems like theſe of Henry Vaughan's will not want their readers, nor will ſuch readers be unthankful to have our Author and his Works introduced to their acquaintance.

H. F. L.

Rome, April 1847.

The Author's Preface.

THat this Kingdom hath abounded with thoſe ingenious perſons, which in the late notion are termed *Wits*, is too well known. Many of them having caſt away all their fair portion of time, in no better imployments, than a deliberate ſearch, or excogitation of *idle words*, and a moſt vain, inſatiable deſire to be reputed *Poets;* leaving behinde them no other Monuments of thoſe excellent abilities conferred upon them, but ſuch as they may (with a *Predeceſſor* of theirs) term *Parricides*, and a ſoul killing Iſſue, for that is the Βραβεῖον, and Laureate *Crown*, which idle *Poems* will certainly bring to their unrelenting Authors.

And well it were for them, if thoſe willingly ſtudied and wilfully-publiſhed vani-

ties could defile no *ſpirits*, but their own; but the *caſe* is far worſe. Theſe *Vipers* ſurvive their *Parents*, and for many ages after (like *Epidemic* diſeaſes) infect whole Generations, corrupting always and unhallowing the beſt-gifted *Souls*, and the moſt capable *Veſſels:* for whoſe ſanctification and well-fare, the glorious *Son* of God laid down his *life*, and ſuffered the pretious *blood* of his bleſſed and innocent *heart* to be poured out. In the mean time it cannot be denyed, but theſe men are had in remembrance, though we cannot ſay with any comfort, *Their memorial is bleſſed;* for, that I may ſpeak no more than the truth (let their paſſionate *worſhippers* ſay what they pleaſe) all the commendations that can be juſtly given them will amount to no more, than what *Prudentius* the Chriſtian-ſacred *Poet* beſtowed upon *Symmachus;*

Os dignum æterno tinctum quod fulgeat auro
Si mallet laudare deum: cui ſordida monſtra
Prætulit, & liquidam temeravit crimine vocem;
Haud aliter, quàm cum raſtris qui tentat eburnis
Cænoſum verſare ſolum, &c.———

In Engliſh thus,

A wit moſt worthy in tryed Gold to ſhine,
Immortal Gold! had he ſung the divine
Praiſe of his Maker: to whom he preferr'd
Obſcene, vile fancies, and prophanely marr'd
A rich, rare ſtile with ſinful, lewd contents;
No otherwiſe, then if with Inſtruments
Of poliſh'd Ivory, ſome drudge ſhould ſtir
A dirty ſink, *&c.*———

This *compariſon* is nothing odious, and it is as *true*, as it is *appoſite;* for a *good* wit in a *bad* ſubject, is (as *Solomon* ſaid of the *fair* and *fooliſh woman*) *Like a jewel of gold in a ſwine's ſnowt*, Prov. 11. 22. Nay, the more acute the *Author is*, there is ſo much the more danger and death in the *work*. Where the *Sun* is buſie upon a *dung-hill*, the *iſſue* is always ſome unclean *vermine*. Divers perſons of eminent piety and learning (I meddle not with the ſeditious and *Schiſmatical*) have, long before my time, taken notice of this *malady;* for the complaint againſt *vitious verſe*, even by peaceful and obedient *ſpirits*, is of ſome antiquity in this Kingdom. And yet, as if the evil conſequence attending this in-

veterate *error* were but a ſmall thing, there is ſprung very lately another proſperous *device* to aſſiſt it in the ſubverſion of *ſouls*. Thoſe that want the *Genius* of *verſe* fall to *tranſlating*; and the people are every *term* plentifully furniſhed with various *Foraign vanities*; ſo that the moſt laſcivious compoſitions of *France* and *Italy* are here *naturalized* and made *Engliſh*: And this, as it is ſadly obſerved, with ſo much favor and ſucceſs, that nothing *takes* (as they rightly phraſe it) like a *Romance*. And very frequently, if that *Character* be not an *Ivybuſh* the *buyer* receives this lewd ware from *perſons of honor*: who want not reaſon to forbear, much private misfortune having ſprung from no other *ſeed* at firſt, than ſome infectious and diſſolving *Legend*.

To continue after years of diſcretion in this *vanity*, is an inexcuſable deſertion of *pious ſobriety*: and to perſiſt ſo to the end, is a wilful deſpiſing of Gods *ſacred exhortations*, by a conſtant, ſenſual volutation or wallowing in *impure thoughts* and *ſcurrilous conceits*, which both defile their Authors, and as many more as they are communicated to. If *every idle word ſhall*

be accounted for, and if *no corrupt communication ſhould proceed out of our mouths*, how deſperate, I beſeech you, is their condition, who all their life time, and out of meer deſign, ſtudy *laſcivious fictions*, then carefully record and publiſh them, that inſtead of *grace* and *life*, they *may miniſter ſin and death* unto their readers? It was wiſely conſidered, and piouſly ſaid by one, *That he would read no idle books; both in regard of love to his own ſoul, and pity unto his that made them; for*, ſaid he, *if I be corrupted by them, their Compoſer is immediately a cauſe of my ill; and at the day of reckoning, though now dead, muſt give an account for it, becauſe I am corrupted by his bad example, which he left behinde him. I will write none, leſt I hurt them that come after me; I will read none, leſt I augment his puniſhment that is gone before me. I will neither write, nor read, leſt I prove a foe to my own ſoul: while I live, I ſin too much; let me not continue longer in wickedneſs, than I do in life.* It is a ſentence of ſacred authority, that *he that is dead is freed from ſin;* becauſe he cannot in that *ſtate*, which is without the *body*,

ſin any more ; but he that writes *idle books* makes for himſelf another *body*, in which he always *lives*, and *ſins* (after *death*) as *faſt* and as *foul*, as ever he did in his *life ;* which very conſideration deſerves to be a ſufficient *Antidote* againſt this evil diſeaſe.

And here, becauſe I would prevent a juſt *cenſure* by my free *confeſſion*, I muſt remember, that I my ſelf have, for many years together, languiſhed of this very *ſickneſs ;* and it is no long time ſince I have recovered. But (bleſſed be God for it!) I have by his ſaving aſſiſtance ſuppreſt my *greateſt follies*, and thoſe which eſcaped from me, are, I think, as innoxious, as moſt of that *vein* uſe to be ; beſides, they are interlined with many virtuous, and ſome pious mixtures. What I ſpeak of them is truth : but let no man miſtake it for an *extenuation* of faults, as if I intended an *Apology* for *them*, or my *ſelf*, who am conſcious of ſo much *guilt* in *both*, as can never be expiated without *ſpecial ſorrows*, and that cleanſing and pretious *effuſion* of my Almighty Redeemer. And if the world will be ſo charitable as to grant my requeſt, I do here moſt humbly and earneſtly beg that none would read them.

But an idle or ſenſual *ſubject* is not all the *poyſon* in theſe Pamphlets. Certain Authors have been ſo irreverendly bold, as to daſh *Scriptures*, and the *ſacred Relatives* of *God* with their impious conceits; And (which I cannot ſpeak without grief of heart) ſome of thoſe deſperate *adventurers* may, I think, be reckoned amongſt the principal or moſt learned Writers of *Engliſh verſe*.

Others of a later *date*, being corrupted, it may be, by that evil *Genius*, which came in with the publique diſtractions, have ſtuffed their books with *Oathes*, *horrid Execrations*, and a moſt groſs and ſtudied *filthineſs*. But the *hurt* that enſues by the publication of *pieces* ſo notoriouſly ill lies heavily upon the *Stationer's* account, who ought in conſcience to refuſe them, when they are put into his hands. No *loſs* is ſo doleful as that *gain*, that will endamage the ſoul. He, that *prints* lewdneſs and impieties, is that mad-man in the *Proverbs*, who *caſteth firebrands, arrows and death*.

The ſuppreſſion of this pleaſing and prevailing *evil*, lies not altogether in the

power of the *Magiſtrate;* for it will flie abroad in *Manuſcripts,* when it fails of entertainment at the *preſs.* The true remedy lies wholly in their boſoms, who are the gifted perſons, by a wiſe exchange of *vain* and *vitious ſubjects,* for *divine Themes* and *Celeſtial praiſe.* The *performance* is eaſie, and, were it the moſt difficult in the world, the *reward* is ſo glorious, that it infinitely tranſcends it: for *they that turn many to righteouſneſs ſhall ſhine like the ſtars for ever and ever:* whence follows this undenyable *inference,* that the *corrupting of many,* being a contrary *work,* the *recompenſe* muſt be ſo too; and then I know nothing reſerved for them, but *the blackneſs of darkneſs for ever;* from which, O God, deliver all penitent and reformed *ſpirits!*

The firſt, that with any effectual ſucceſs attempted a *diverſion* of this foul and overflowing *ſtream,* was the bleſſed man, Mr. *George Herbert,* whoſe holy *life* and *verſe* gained many pious *Converts,* of whom I am the leaſt; and gave the firſt check to a moſt flouriſhing and admired

Wit of his time. After him followed diverſe,—*Sed non paſſibus æquis;* they had more of *faſhion*, than of *force:* And the *reaſon* of their ſo vaſt *diſtance* from him, beſides differing *ſpirits* and *qualifications*, (for his *meaſure* was eminent,) I ſuſpect to be, becauſe they aimed more at *verſe*, than *perfection*, as may be eaſily gathered by their frequent *impreſſions*, and numerous *pages:* Hence ſprang thoſe wide, thoſe weak, and lean *conceptions*, which in the moſt inclinable *Reader* will ſcarce give any nouriſhment or help to *devotion;* for not flowing from a true, practick piety, it was impoſſible they ſhould effect thoſe things abroad, which they never had acquaintance with at home; being onely the productions of a common ſpirit, and the obvious ebullitions of that light humor, which takes the pen in hand, out of no other conſideration, than to be ſeen in print. It is true indeed, that to give up our thoughts to pious *Themes* and *Contemplations*, if it be done for pietie's ſake, is a great *ſtep* towards *perfection;* becauſe it will *refine*, and *diſpoſe* to devo-

tion and ſanctity. And further, it will *procure* for us (ſo eaſily communicable is that *loving Spirit*) ſome ſmall *prelibation* of thoſe heavenly *refreſhments*, which deſcend but ſeldom, and then very ſparingly, upon *men* of an ordinary or indifferent *holyneſs*. But he that deſires to excel in this kinde of *Hagiography*, or holy writing, muſt ſtrive by all means for *perfection* and true *holyneſs*, that a *door may be opened to him in heaven*, Rev. 4. 1. and then he will be able to write, with *Hierotheus* and holy *Herbert*, " A *true Hymn*."

To effect this in ſome meaſure, I have begged leave to communicate this my poor *Talent* to the *Church*, under the *protection* and *conduct* of her *glorious Head:* who, if he will vouchſafe to *own* it, and *go along* with it, can make it as uſeful now in the *publick* as it hath been to me in *private*. In the *peruſal* of it, you will (peradventure) obſerve ſome *paſſages*, whoſe *hiſtory* or *reaſon* may ſeem ſomething *remote;* but were they brought *nearer*, and plainly expoſed to your view, though that perhaps might quiet your

curioſity, yet would it not conduce much to your greater *advantage*. And therefore I muſt deſire you to accept of them in that *latitude*, which is already allowed them. By the laſt *Poems* in the book, were not that *miſtake* here prevented, you would judge all to be *fatherleſs*, and the *Edition* poſthume; for indeed *I was nigh unto death*, and am ſtill at no great diſtance from it; which was the neceſſary reaſon for that ſolemn and accompliſhed *dreſs*, you will finde this *impreſſion* in.

But *the God of the ſpirits of all fleſh* hath granted me a further uſe of *mine* than I did look for in the *body*; and when I expected, and had by his aſſiſtance prepared for, a *meſſage* of *death*, then did he *anſwer* me with *life*; I hope to his *glory*, and my great *advantage*; that I may flouriſh not with *leafe* onely, but with ſome *fruit* alſo; which *hope* and earneſt *deſire* of his poor *Creature*, I humbly beſeech him to perfect and fulfil for his dear *Son's* ſake, unto *Whom*, with *Him* and the moſt holy and loving *Spirit*, be aſcribed by *Angels*, by *Men*, and by all

his *Works*, All Glory, and Wiſdom, and Dominion, in this the *temporal* and in the *Eternal* Being. *Amen.*

Newton by *Uſk*, near *Sketh-Rock*,
Septem. 30, 1654.

O *Lord, the hope of Iſrael, all they that forſake thee ſhall be aſhamed; and they that depart from thee, ſhall be written in the earth, becauſe they have forſaken the Lord, the fountain of living waters.*

Heal me, O Lord, and I ſhall be healed; ſave me, and I ſhall be ſaved, for thou art my health, and my great deliverer.

I ſaid in the cutting off of my days, I ſhall go to the gates of the grave; I have deprived my ſelf of the reſidue of my years.

I ſaid, I ſhall not ſee the Lord, even the Lord in the Land of the living: I ſhall behold man no more with the Inhabitants of the world.

O Lord! by thee doth man live, and from thee is the life of my ſpirit: therefore wilt thou recover me, and make me to live.

Thou haſt in love to my ſoul delivered it from the pit of corruption; for thou haſt caſt all my ſins behind thy back.

For thy name's ſake haſt thou put off thine anger; for thy praiſe haſt thou refrained from me, that I ſhould not be cut off.

For the grave cannot praiſe thee, death cannot celebrate thee: they, that go down into the pit, cannot hope for thy truth.

The living, the living, he ſhall praiſe thee, as I do this day: the Father to the children ſhall make known thy truth.

O Lord; thou haſt been merciful; thou haſt brought back my life from corruption: thou haſt redeemed me from my ſin.

They, that follow after lying vanities, forſake their own mercy.

Therefore ſhall thy ſongs be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.

I will go unto the altar of my God, unto God, the joy of my youth; and in thy fear will I worſhip towards thy holy temple.

I will ſacrifice unto thee with the voice of thankſgiving; I will pay that which I have vowed; ſalvation is of the Lord.

To my moſt merciful, my moſt loving,
and dearly loved Redeemer, the
ever bleſſed, the onely Holy
and JUST ONE,

JESUS CHRIST,

The Son of the living GOD, *and the*
ſacred Virgin Mary.

I.

MY God! thou that didſt dye for me,
Theſe thy death's fruits I offer thee;
Death that to me was life and light,
But dark and deep pangs to thy ſight.
Some drops of thy all-quickning blood
Fell on my heart; thoſe made it bud,
And put forth thus, though Lord, before
The ground was curſt, and void of ſtore.
Indeed I had ſome here to hire
Which long reſiſted thy deſire,
That ſton'd thy ſervants, and did move
To have thee murthred for thy love;
But Lord, I have expell'd them, and ſo bent,
Beg, thou wouldſt take thy Tenant's Rent.

II.

Dear Lord, 'tis finiſhed! and now he
That copyed it, preſents it thee.
'Twas thine firſt, and to thee returns,
From thee it ſhined, though here it burns;
If the Sun riſe on Rocks, is't right,
To call it their inherent light?
No, nor can I ſay, this is mine,
For, deareſt Jeſus, 'tis all thine.
Thy cloaths, when thou with cloaths wert clad
Both light from thee, and virtue had;
And now, as then within this place,
Thou to poor rags doſt ſtill give grace.
This is the earneſt thy love ſheds,
The *Candle* ſhining on ſome heads,
Till at thy charges they ſhall be,
Cloath'd all with immortality.

My dear Redeemer, the world's light,
And life too, and my heart's delight!
For all thy mercies and thy truth
Shew'd to me in my ſinful youth,
For my ſad failings and my wilde
Murmurings at thee, when moſt milde;
For all my ſecret faults, and each
Frequent relapſe and wilful breach,
For all deſigns meant againſt thee,
And ev'ry publiſh'd vanity,
Which thou divinely haſt forgiven,
While thy blood waſh'd me white as heaven:
I nothing have to give to thee,

But this thy own gift, given to me.
Refuſe it not! for now thy *Token*
Can tell thee where a heart is broken.

Revel. cap. 1. *ver.* 5, 6, 7.

Unto him that loved us, and waſhed us from our ſins in his own blood.

And hath made us Kings and Prieſts unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen.

Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye ſhall ſee him, and they alſo which pierced him; and all kindreds of the earth ſhall wail becauſe of him: even ſo. Amen.

¶

VAin Wits and eyes,
Leave, and be wiſe:
Abuſe not, ſhun not holy fire,
But with true tears waſh off your mire.
Tears and theſe flames will ſoon grow kinde,
And mix an eye-ſalve for the blinde.
Tears cleanſe and ſupple without fail,
And fire will purge your callous veyl.
Then comes the light! which when you ſpy,
And ſee your nakedneſs thereby,
Praiſe him, who dealt his gifts ſo free
In tears to you, in fire to me.

Authoris (de ſe) Emblema.

Tentâſti, fateor, ſine vulnere ſæpius, et me
Conſultum voluit Vox, *ſine voce, frequens;*
Ambivit placido divinior aura meatu,
Et fruſtrà ſancto murmure præmonuit.
Surdus eram, mutuſque Silex: *Tu, (quanta tuorum*
Cura tibi eſt!) aliâ das renovare viâ;
Permutas Curam: Jamque irritatus Amorem
Poſſe negas, et vim, Vi, *ſuperare paras;*
Accedis propior, molemque, et Saxea *rumpis*
Pectora, fitque Caro, *quod fuit ante* Lapis.
En lacerum! Cœloſque tuos ardentia tandem
Fragmenta, *et liquidas ex* Adamante *genas!*
Sic olim undantes Petras, Scopuloſque *vomentes*
Curâſti, O populi providus uſque tui!
Quam miranda tibi manus eſt! Moriendo, *revixi;*
Et fractas *jam ſum* ditior *inter* opes.

SILEX SCINTILLANS.

PART I.

Silex Scintillans, &c.

Regeneration.

A Ward, and ſtill in bonds, one day
I ſtole abroad;
It was high-ſpring, and all the way
Primroſed, and hung with ſhade;
Yet was it froſt within;
The ſurly wind
Blaſted my infant buds, and ſinne
Like Clouds ecclipſed my mind.

2.

Storm'd thus; I ſtraight perceived my ſpring
Meere ſtage and ſhow,
My walke a monſtrous, mountain'd thing
Rough-caſt with Rocks and ſnow;
And as a Pilgrim's Eye,
Far from reliefe,
Meaſures the melancholy ſkye,
Then drops, and rains for griefe,

3.

So ſigh'd I upwards ſtill; at laſt
'Twixt ſteps, and falls,
I reach'd the pinacle, where plac'd

I found a paire of ſcales;
I took them up, and layd
In th' one late paines;
The other ſmoake and pleaſures weigh'd,
But prov'd the heavier graines.

4.

With that ſome cryed, *Away;* ſtraight I
Obey'd, and led
Full Eaſt, a faire, freſh field could ſpy;
Some call'd it, *Jacob's Bed;*
A Virgin ſoile, which no
Rude feet ere trod;
Where, ſince He ſtept there, only go
Prophets and friends of God.

5.

Here I repos'd; but ſcarce well ſet
A grove deſcryed
Of ſtately height, whoſe branches met
And mixt on every ſide;
I entred, and once in,
Amaz'd to ſee't,
Found all was chang'd, and a new ſpring
Did all my ſenſes greet.

6.

The unthrift Sunne ſhot vitall gold
A thouſand peeces,
And heaven its azure did unfold
Chequer'd with ſnowie fleeces.
The aire was all in ſpice,
And every buſh
A garland wore; Thus fed my Eyes,
But all the Eare lay huſh.

7.

Only a little Fountain lent
Some uſe for Eares,
And on the dumbe ſhades language ſpent,
The Muſick of her teares;
I drew her neere, and found
The Ciſterne full
Of divers ſtones, ſome bright and round,
Others ill-ſhap'd and dull.

8.

The firſt (pray marke,) as quick as light
Danc'd through the floud;
But, th' laſt more heavy than the night
Nail'd to the Centre ſtood;
I wonder'd much, but tyr'd
At laſt with thought,
My reſtleſs Eye, that ſtill deſir'd,
As ſtrange an object brought.

9.

It was a banke of flowers, where I deſcried
(Though 'twas mid-day,)
Some faſt aſleepe, others broad-eyed,
And taking in the Ray;
Here muſing long I heard
A ruſhing wind,
Which ſtill increas'd, but whence it ſtirr'd,
No where I could not find.

10.

I turn'd me round, and to each ſhade
Diſpatch'd an Eye,
To ſee if any leafe had made
Leaſt motion or Reply;

But while I liſtning ſought
My mind to eaſe
By knowing, where 'twas, or where not,
It whiſper'd; *Where I pleaſe.*

Lord, then ſaid I, *On me one breath,*
And let me dye before my death!

Cant. cap. 5. ver. 17.

Ariſe, O North, and come thou South-wind, and blow upon my garden, that the ſpices thereof may flow out.

Death. *A Dialogue.*

Soule.

'TIs a ſad Land, that in one day
Hath dull'd thee thus, when death
ſhall freeze
Thy bloud to Ice, and thou muſt ſtay
Tenant for Yeares, and Centuries;
How wilt thou brook't?—

Body.

I cannot tell;
But if all ſence wings not with thee,
And ſomething ſtill be left the dead,
I'le wiſh my Curtaines off, to free
Me from ſo darke and ſad a bed;

A neſt of nights, a gloomie ſphere,
Where ſhadowes thicken, and the Cloud
Sits on the Sun's brow all the yeare,
And nothing moves without a ſhrowd.

Soule.

'Tis ſo: But as thou ſaweſt that night
Wee travell'd in, our firſt attempts
Were dull and blind, but Cuſtome ſtraight
Our fears and falls brought to contempt.

Then, when the ghaſtly *twelve* was paſt,
We breath'd ſtill for a bluſhing *Eaſt*,
And bad the lazie Sunne make haſte,
And on ſure hopes, though long, did feaſt.

But when we ſaw the Clouds to crack,
And in thoſe Cranies light appear'd,
We thought the day then was not ſlack,
And pleas'd our ſelves with what wee feared.

Juſt ſo it is in death. But thou
Shalt in thy mother's boſome ſleepe,
Whilſt I each minute grone to know
How neere Redemption creepes.

Then ſhall wee meet to mixe again, and met,
'Tis laſt good-night; our Sunne ſhall never ſet.

Job. Cap. 10. ver. 21. 22.

Before I goe whence I ſhall not returne, even to the land of darkneſſe, and the ſhadow of death;

A Land of darkneſſe, as darkneſſe it ſelfe, and of the ſhadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkneſſe.

Reſurrection and Immortality:

Heb. cap. 10. *ver.* 20.
By that new, and living way, which he hath prepared for us, through the veile, which is his fleſh.

Body.

1.

Oft have I ſeen, when that renewing breath,
That binds and looſens death,
Inſpir'd a quickning power through the dead
Creatures abed,
Some drowſie ſilk-worme creepe
From that long ſleepe,
And in weake, infant hummings chime, and knell
About her ſilent Cell,
Until at laſt full with the vitall Ray
She wing'd away,
And proud with life, and ſence,
Heaven's rich Expence,
Eſteem'd (vaine things!) of two whole Elements
As meane, and ſpan-extents.
Shall I then thinke ſuch providence will be
Leſſe friend to me?
Or that he can endure to be unjuſt
Who keeps his Covenant even with our duſt.

Soule.

2.

Poore, querulous handfull! was't for this
I taught thee all that is?

Unbowel'd nature ſhew'd thee her recruits,
And Change of ſuits,
And how of death we make
A meere miſtake;
For no thing can to *Nothing* fall, but ſtill
Incorporates by ſkill,
And then returns, and from the wombe of things
Such treaſure brings,
As *Phenix*-like renew'th
Both life, and youth;
For a preſerving ſpirit doth ſtill paſſe
Untainted through this Maſſe,
Which doth reſolve, produce, and ripen all
That to it fall;
Nor are thoſe births, which we
Thus ſuffering ſee,
Deſtroy'd at all; But when time's reſtleſs wave
Their ſubſtance doth deprave,
And the more noble *Eſſence* finds his houſe
Sickly and looſe,
He, ever young, doth wing
Unto that ſpring,
And *ſource* of ſpirits, where he takes his lot,
Till time no more ſhall rot
His paſſive Cottage; which (though laid aſide,)
Like ſome ſpruce Bride,
Shall one day riſe, and cloath'd with ſhining light
All pure, and bright,
Re-marry to the ſoule, for 'tis moſt plaine
Thou only fal'ſt to be refin'd againe.

3.

Then I that here ſaw darkly in a glaſſe
But miſts and ſhadows paſſe,

And, by their owne weake *Shine*, did ſearch the
And Courſe of things, [ſprings
Shall with Inlightned Rayes
Pierce all their wayes;
And as thou ſaw'ſt, I in a thought could goe
To heav'n or Earth below
To reade ſome *Starre*, or *Min'rall*, and in State
There often ſate;
So ſhalt thou then with me,
Both wing'd and free,
Rove in that mighty and eternall light,
Where no rude ſhade, or night
Shall dare approach us; we ſhall there no more
Watch ſtars, or pore
Through melancholly clouds, and ſay,
Would it were Day!
One everlaſting *Saboth* there ſhall runne
Without *Succeſſion*, and without a *Sunne*.

Dan. cap. 12. ver. 13.

But goe thou thy way untill the end be, for thou ſhalt reſt, and ſtand up in thy lot, at the end of the dayes.

Day of Judgement.

WHen through the North a fire ſhall ruſh
And rowle into the Eaſt,
And like a firie torrent bruſh
And ſweepe up *South* and *Weſt*,—

When all ſhall ſtreame and lighten round,
And with ſurprizing flames

Both ſtars and Elements confound,
And quite blot out their names,—

When thou ſhalt ſpend thy ſacred ſtore
Of thunders in that heate,
And low as ere they lay before
Thy ſix-dayes' building beate, —

When like a ſcrowle the heavens ſhall paſſe
And vaniſh cleane away,
And nought muſt ſtand of that vaſt ſpace
Which held up night and day,—

When one lowd blaſt ſhall rend the deepe,
And from the wombe of earth
Summon up all that are aſleepe
Unto a ſecond birth,—

When thou ſhalt make the Clouds thy ſeate,
And in the open aire
The Quick and dead, both ſmall and great,
Muſt to thy barre repaire;

O then it will be all too late
To ſay, *What ſhall I doe?*
Repentance there is out of date,
And ſo is *mercy* too.

Prepare, prepare me then, O God!
And let me now begin
To feele my loving father's *Rod*
Killing the man of ſinne!

Give me, O give me Croſſes here,
Still more afflictions lend!

That pill, though bitter, is moſt deare
That brings health to the end.

Lord, God! I beg nor friends, nor wealth,
But pray againſt them both;
Three things I'de have, my ſoule's chief health,
And one of theſe ſemes loath,

A living *FAITH*, a *HEART* of fleſh,
The *WORLD* an Enemie;
This laſt will keepe the firſt two freſh,
And bring me where I'de be.

1 Pet. 4. 7.

The end of all things is at hand; be ye therefore ſober, and watch unto prayer.

Religion.

MY God, when I walke in thoſe groves
And leaves thy Spirit doth ſtill fan,
I ſee in each ſhade that there growes
An Angell talking with a man.

Under a *Juniper* ſome houſe,
Or the coole *Mirtle's* canopie,
Others beneath an *Oake's* green boughs,
Or at ſome *fountaine's* bubling Eye.

Here *Jacob* dreames, and wreſtles; there
Elias is by Ravens fed,
Another time by th' Angell, where
He brings him water with his bread.

In *Abraham's* Tent the winged gueſts
(O how familiar then was heaven!)
Eate, drinke, diſcourſe, ſit downe, and reſt
Until the Coole, and ſhady *Even.*

Nay thou thy ſelfe, my God, in *fire,*
Whirle-winds, and *Clouds,* and the *ſoft voice,*
Speak'ſt there ſo much, that I admire
We have no Conference in theſe daies.

Is the truce broke? or 'cauſe we have
A Mediatour now with thee,
Doſt thou therefore old Treaties wave,
And by appeales from him decree?

Or is't ſo, as ſome green heads ſay,
That now all miracles muſt ceaſe?
Though thou haſt promis'd they ſhould ſtay,
The tokens of the Church, and peace.

No, no; Religion is a Spring,
That from ſome ſecret, golden Mine
Derives her birth, and thence doth bring
Cordials in every drop, and Wine.

But in her long, and hidden Courſe,
In paſſing through the Earth's darke veines,
Growes ſtill from better unto worſe,
And both her taſte and colour ſtaines;

Then drilling on learnes to encreaſe
Falſe *Ecchoes* and Confuſed ſounds,
And unawares doth often ſeize
On veines of *Sulphur* under ground;

So poiſon'd breaks forth in ſome Clime,
And at firſt ſight doth many pleaſe;
But drunk, is puddle or meere ſlime,
And 'ſtead of Phiſick, a diſeaſe.

Juſt ſuch a tainted ſink we have,
Like that *Samaritan's* dead *well;*
For muſt we for the Kernell crave
Becauſe moſt voices like the *ſhell?*

Heale then theſe waters, Lord; or bring thy flock,
Since theſe are troubled, to the ſpringing rock;
Looke downe great Maſter of the feaſt; O ſhine,
And turn once more our *Water* into *Wine!*

Cant. cap. 4. ver. 12.

My ſiſter, my ſpouſe is as a garden Incloſed, as a Spring ſhut up, and a fountain ſealed.

The Search.

'TIs now cleare day: I ſee a Roſe
Bud in the bright Eaſt, and diſcloſe
The Pilgrim-Sunne; all night have I
Spent in a roving Extaſie
To find my Saviour; I have been
As far as *Bethlem,* and have ſeen
His Inne and Cradle; Being there
I met the *Wiſe-Men,* aſkt them where
He might be found, or what ſtarre can
Now point him out, grown up a Man?

To *Egypt* hence I fled, ran o're
All her parcht boſome to *Nile's* ſhore,
Her yearly nurſe; came back, enquir'd
Amongſt the *Doctors*, and deſir'd
To ſee the *Temple*, but was ſhown
A little duſt, and for the Town
A heap of aſhes, where ſome ſed
A ſmall bright ſparkle was a bed,
Which would one day beneath the pole,
Awake, and then refine the whole.
Tyr'd here, I came to *Sychar*; thence
To *Jacob's well*, bequeathed ſince
Unto his ſonnes, where often they
In thoſe calme, golden Evenings lay
Watring their flocks, and having ſpent
Thoſe white dayes, drove home to the Tent
Their *well-fleeced* traine; And here (O fate!)
I ſit, where once my Saviour ſate.
The angry Spring in bubbles ſwell'd,
Which broke in ſighes ſtill, as they fill'd,
And whiſper'd, *Jeſus had been there*,
But *Jacob's children would not heare*.
Loath hence to part, at laſt I riſe
But with the fountain in mine Eyes,
And here a freſh ſearch is decreed;
He muſt be found where he did bleed.
I walke the garden, and there ſee
Idæas of his Agonie,
And moving anguiſhments, that ſet
His bleſt face in a bloudy ſweat;
I climbed the Hill, perus'd the Croſſe,
Hung with my gaine, and his great loſſe:
Never did tree beare fruit like this,
Balſam of ſoules, the bodye's bliſſe.

But, O his grave! where I ſaw lent
(For he had none,) a Monument,
An undefil'd, a new-hew'd one,
But there was not the *Corner-ſtone.*
Sure then, ſaid I, my Queſt is vaine,
Hee'le not be found where he was ſlaine;
So mild a Lamb can never be
'Midſt ſo much bloud and Crueltie.
I'le to the wilderneſs, and can
Find beaſts more mercifull than man;
He liv'd there ſafe, 'twas his retreat
From the fierce *Jew*, and *Herod's* heat;
And forty dayes withſtood the fell,
And high temptations of hell;
With Seraphins there talked he,
His father's flaming miniſtrie;
He heav'nd their *walks*, and with his eyes
Made thoſe wild ſhades a Paradiſe.
Thus was the deſert ſanctified
To be the refuge of his bride.
I'le thither then; ſee, It is day!
The Sun's broke through to guide my way.

But as I urg'd thus, and writ down
What pleaſures ſhould my Journey crown,
What ſilent paths, what ſhades, and Cells,
Faire, virgin-flowers, and hallow'd *Wells*
I ſhould rove in, and reſt my head
Where my deare Lord did often tread,
Sugring all dangers with ſucceſſe,
Methought I heard one ſinging thus;

1.

Leave, leave thy gadding thoughts;
Who pores

and ſpies
Still out of Doores,
deſcries
Within them nought.

2.

The ſkinne and ſhell of things,
Though faire,
are not
Thy wiſh, nor Pray'r,
but got
By meere Deſpaire
of wings.

3.

To rack old Elements,
Or Duſt;
and ſay,
Sure here he muſt
needs ſtay,
Is not the way,
nor Juſt.

Search well another world; who ſtudies this,
Travels in Clouds, ſeekes *Manna* where none is.

Acts Cap. 17. ve. 27, 28.

That they ſhould ſeeke the Lord, if happily they might feele after him, and find him, though he be not far off from every one of us, for in him we live, and move, and have our being.

Iſaac's Marriage.

Gen. cap. 24. ver. 63.

And Iſaac *went out to pray in the field at the Even-tide, and he lift up his eyes, and ſaw, and behold, the Camels were comming.*

PRaying! and to be married! It was rare,
But now 'tis monſtrous; and that pious care,
Though of ourſelves, is ſo much out of [date,
That to renew't were to degenerate.
But thou a Choſen ſacrifice wert given,
And offer'd up ſo early unto heaven,
Thy flames could not be out; Religion was
Ray'd into thee like beames into a glaſſe,
Where, as thou grewſt, it multiply'd, and ſhin'd
The ſacred Conſtellation of thy mind.
But being for a bride, ſure, prayer was
Very ſtrange ſtuffe wherewith to court thy laſſe;
Had'ſt ne'r an oath, nor Complement? thou wert
An odde, coarſe ſutor; Hadſt thou but the art
Of theſe our dayes, thou couldſt have coyn'd thee twenty
New ſev'rall oathes, and Complements too plenty.
O ſad, and wild exceſſe! and happy thoſe
White dayes, that durſt no impious mirth expoſe!
When ſinne, by ſinning oft, had not loſt ſence,
Nor bold-fac'd cuſtome baniſh'd Innocence!
Thou hadſt no pompous traine, nor *Antick* crowd
Of young, gay ſwearers, with their needleſs, lowd

Retinue; All was here ſmooth as thy bride,
And calme like her, or that mild Evening-tide.
Yet hadſt thou nobler gueſts: Angels did wind,
And rove about thee, guardians of thy mind;
Theſe fetch'd thee home thy bride, and all the way
Advis'd thy ſervant what to doe and ſay;
Theſe taught him at the *Well*, and thither brought
The Chaſte and lovely object of thy thought.
But here was ne'r a Complement, not one
Spruce, ſupple cringe, or ſtudy'd looke put on.
All was plaine, modeſt truth: Nor did ſhe come
In *rowles* and *Curles*, mincing and ſtately dumbe;
But in a frighted, virgin-bluſh approach'd
Freſh as the morning, when 'tis newly Coach'd.
O ſweet, divine ſimplicity! O grace
Beyond a Curled lock, or painted face!
A *Pitcher* too ſhe had, nor thought it much
To carry that, which ſome would ſcorn to touch;
With which in mild, chaſte language ſhe did wooe
To draw him drinke, and for his Camels too.
And now thou knewſt her comming, It was time
To get thee wings on, and devoutly climbe
Unto thy God; for Marriage of all ſtates
Makes moſt unhappy, or moſt fortunates.
This brought thee forth, where now thou didſt undreſſe
Thy ſoule, and with new pinions refreſh
Her wearied wings, which ſo reſtor'd did flye
Above the ſtars, a track unknown and high;
And in her piercing flight perfum'd the ayre,
Scatt'ring the *Myrrhe* and Incenſe of thy pray'r.
So from **Lahai-roi's* Well ſome ſpicie cloud,

* *A wel in the South Country where* Jacob *dwelt, betweene* Cadeſh, & Bered; Heb. *the wel of him that liveth and ſeeth me.*

Woo'd by the Sun, ſwels up to be his ſhrowd,
And from her moiſt wombe weeps a fragrant ſhowre,
Which, ſcatter'd in a thouſand pearls, each flowre
And herb partakes; where having ſtood awhile
And ſomething coold the parch'd and thirſtie Iſle,
The thankfull Earth unlocks her ſelfe, and blends
A thouſand odours, which, all mixt, ſhe ſends
Up in one cloud, and ſo returnes the ſkies
That dew they lent, a breathing ſacrifice.
Thus ſoar'd thy ſoul, who, though young, didſt inherit
Together with his bloud thy father's ſpirit,
Whoſe active zeale and tryed faith were to thee
Familiar ever ſince thy Infancie.
Others were tym'd and train'd up to't, but thou
Didſt thy ſwift years in piety out-grow.
Age made them rev'rend, and a ſnowie head,
But thou wert ſo, e're time his ſnow could ſhed.
Then, who would truly limne thee out, muſt paint
Firſt a *young Patriarch*, then a *marry'd Saint*.

The Brittiſh Church.

AH! he is fled!
And while theſe here their *miſts* and *ſhadowes* hatch,
My glorious Head
Doth on thoſe hills of Myrrhe and Incenſe watch.
Haſte, haſte, my deare!
The Souldiers here
Caſt in their lotts againe.
That ſeamleſs coat,

The Iewes touch'd not,
Theſe dare divide and ſtaine.

2.

O get thee wings!
Or if as yet, untill theſe clouds depart,
And the day ſprings,
Thou think'ſt it good to tarry where thou art,
Write in thy bookes
My raviſh'd looks,
Slain flock and pillag'd fleeces,
And haſte thee ſo
As a young Roe
Upon the mounts of ſpices.

O Roſa Campi! O lilium Convallium! quomodò nunc facta es pabulum Aprorum!

The Lampe.

'TIs dead night round about: Horrour doth creepe
And move on with the ſhades; ſtars nod and ſleepe,
And through the dark aire ſpin a firie thread,
Such as doth gild the lazie glow-worm's bed.
Yet burn'ſt thou here a full day, while I ſpend
My reſt in Cares, and to the dark world lend
Theſe flames, as thou doſt thine to me; I watch
That houre, which muſt thy life and mine diſpatch.
But ſtill thou doeſt out-goe me, I can ſee
Met in thy flames all acts of piety;

Thy light, is *Charity;* Thy heat, is *Zeale;*
And thy aſpiring, active fires reveale
Devotion ſtill on wing; Then, thou doſt weepe
Still as thou burn'ſt, and the warme droppings creepe
To meaſure out thy length, as if thou'dſt know
What ſtock, and how much time were left thee now;
Nor doſt thou ſpend one teare in vain, for ſtill
As thou diſſolv'ſt to them, and they diſtill,
They're ſtor'd up in the ſocket, where they lye,
When all is ſpent, thy laſt and ſure ſupply:
And ſuch is true repentance; ev'ry breath
Wee ſpend in ſighes is treaſure after death.
Only one point eſcapes thee; That thy Oile
Is ſtill out with thy flame, and ſo both faile;
But whenſoe're I'm out, both ſhal be in,
And where thou mad'ſt an end, there I'le begin.

Mark Cap. 13. ver. 35.

Watch you therefore, for you know not when the maſter of the houſe cometh, at Even, or at mid-night, or at the Cock-crowing, or in the morning.

Mans fall, and Recovery.

FArewell, you Everlaſting hills! I'm Caſt
Here under Clouds, where ſtormes and tempeſts blaſt
This fully'd flowre,
Rob'd of your Calme, nor can I ever make,
Tranſplanted thus, one leafe of his t'awake;
But ev'ry houre
He ſleepes and droops; and in this drowſie ſtate

Leaves me a ſlave to paſſions and my fate.
Beſides I've loſt
A traine of lights, which in thoſe Sun-ſhine dayes
Were my ſure guides, and only with me ſtayes,
Unto my coſt,
One ſullen beame, whoſe charge is to diſpenſe
More puniſhment than knowledge to my ſenſe.
Two thouſand yeares
I ſojourn'd thus. At laſt *Jeſhurun's* King
Thoſe famous tables did from *Sinai* bring.
Theſe ſwell'd my feares,
Guilts, treſpaſſes, and all this Inward Awe;
For ſinne tooke ſtrength, and vigour from the Law.
Yet have I found
A plenteous way, (thanks to that Holy One!)
To cancell all that e're was writ in ſtone.
His ſaving wound
Wept bloud, that broke this Adamant, and gave
To ſinners Confidence, life to the grave.
This makes me ſpan
My fathers' journeys, and in one faire ſtep
O're all their pilgrimage and labours leap.
For God, made man,
Reduc'd th' Extent of works of faith; ſo made
Of their *Red Sea* a *Spring;* I waſh, they wade.

Rom. Cap. 18. ver. 19.

As by the offence of one, the fault came on all men to condemnation; So by the Righteouſneſs of one, the benefit abounded towards all men to the Juſtification of life.

The Showre.

Was ſo; I ſaw thy birth. That drowſie Lake
From her faint boſome breath'd thee, the diſeaſe
Of her ſick waters, and Infectious Eaſe.
But now at Even,
Too groſſe for heaven,
Thou fall'ſt in teares, and weep'ſt for thy miſtake.

2.

Ah! it is ſo with me; oft have I preſt
Heaven with a lazie breath; but fruitles this
Peirc'd not; Love only can with quick acceſſe
Unlock the way,
When all elſe ſtray,
The ſmoke and Exhalations of the breſt.

3.

Yet if, as thou doeſt melt, and with thy traine
Of drops make ſoft the Earth, my eyes could weep
O're my hard heart, that's bound up and aſleep;
Perhaps at laſt,
Some ſuch ſhowres paſt,
My God would give a Sun-ſhine after raine.

Diſtraction.

Knit me, that am crumbled duſt! the
heape
Is all diſpers'd and cheape;
Give for a handfull but a thought,
And it is bought.
Hadſt thou
Made me a ſtarre, a pearle, or a rain-bow,
The beames I then had ſhot
My light had leſſend not;
But now
I find my ſelfe the leſſe the more I grow.
The world
Is full of voices; Man is call'd, and hurl'd
By each; he anſwers all,
Knows ev'ry note and call;
Hence ſtill
Freſh dotage tempts, or old uſurps his will.
Yet hadſt thou clipt my wings, when Coffin'd in
This quicken'd maſſe of ſinne,
And ſaved that light, which freely thou
Didſt then beſtow,
I feare
I ſhould have ſpurn'd, and ſaid thou didſt forbeare,
Or that thy ſtore was leſſe.
But now ſince thou didſt bleſſe
So much,
I grieve, my God! that thou haſt made me ſuch.
I grieve?
O, yes! thou know'ſt I doe; Come, and releive,

And tame, and keepe downe with thy light,
Duſt that would riſe and dimme my ſight!
Leſt left alone too long
Amidſt the noiſe and throng,
Oppreſſed I,
Striving to ſave the whole, by parcells dye.

The Purſuite.

LOrd! what a buſie, reſtleſs thing
Haſt thou made man!
Each day and houre he is on wing,
Reſts not a ſpan.
Then having loſt the Sunne and light,
By clouds ſurpriz'd,
He keepes a Commerce in the night
With aire diſguis'd.
Hadſt thou given to this active duſt
A ſtate untir'd,
The loſt Sonne had not left the huſke,
Nor home deſir'd.
That was thy ſecret, and it is
Thy mercy too;
For when all failes to bring to bliſſe,
Then this muſt doe.
Ah! Lord! and what a Purchaſe will that be,
To take us ſick, that ſound would not take thee!

Mount of Olives.

Weete, ſacred hill! on whoſe fair brow
My Saviour ſate, ſhall I allow
Language to love
And Idolize ſome ſhade or grove,
Neglecting thee? ſuch ill-plac'd wit,
Conceit, or call it what you pleaſe,
Is the braine's fit,
And meere diſeaſe.

2.

Cotſwold, and *Cooper's* both have met
With learned ſwaines, and Eccho yet
Their pipes, and wit;
But thou ſleep'ſt in a deepe neglect,
Untouch'd by any; And what need
The ſheep bleat thee a ſilly Lay,
That heard'ſt both reed
And ſheepward play?

3.

Yet if Poets mind thee well,
They ſhall find thou art their hill,
And fountaine too.
Their Lord with thee had moſt to doe.
He wept once, waked whole nights on thee:
And from thence (his ſufferings ended,)
Unto glorie
Was attended.

4.

Being there, this ſpacious ball
Is but his narrow footſtoole all;
And what we thinke
Unſearchable, now with one winke
He doth compriſe. But in this aire
When he did ſtay to beare our Ill
And ſinne, this Hill
Was then his Chaire.

The Incarnation, and Paſſion.

LOrd! when thou didſt thyſelfe undreſſe,
Laying by thy robes of glory,
To make us more thou wouldſt be leſſe,
And becam'ſt a wofull ſtory.

To put on Clouds inſtead of light,
And cloath the morning-ſtarre with duſt,
Was a tranſlation of ſuch height
As, but in thee, was ne'r expreſt.

Brave wormes and Earth! that thus could have
A God Enclos'd within your Cell,
Your maker pent up in a grave,
Life lockt in death, heav'n in a ſhell!

Ah, my deare Lord! what couldſt thou ſpye
In this impure, rebellious clay,
That made thee thus reſolve to dye
For thoſe that kill thee every day?

O what ſtrange wonders could thee move
To ſlight thy precious bloud, and breath?
Sure it was *Love*, my Lord; for *Love*
Is only ſtronger far than death!

The Call.

COme, my heart! come, my head,
In ſighes, and teares!
'Tis now, ſince you have laine thus dead,
Some twenty years.
Awake, awake,
Some pitty take
Upon your ſelves!
Who never wake to grone nor weepe,
Shall be ſentenc'd for their ſleepe.

2.

Doe but ſee your ſad eſtate,
How many ſands
Have left us, while we careles ſate
With folded hands;
What ſtock of nights,
Of dayes, and yeares
In ſilent flights
Stole by our eares;
How ill have we our ſelves beſtow'd,
Whoſe ſuns are all ſet in a Cloud!

3.

Yet, come, and let's peruſe them all;
And as we paſſe,

What ſins on every minute fall
Score on the glaſſe;
Then weigh and rate
Their heavy State,
Untill
The glaſſe with teares you fill;
That done, we ſhall be ſafe and good,
Thoſe beaſts were cleane that chew'd the Cud.

¶

Hou that know'ſt for whom I mourne,
And why theſe teares appeare,
That keep'ſt account till the returne
Of all his duſt left here;
As eaſily thou mightſt prevent,
As now produce, theſe teares,
And adde unto that day he went
A faire ſupply of yeares.
But 'twas my ſinne that forc'd thy hand
To cull this *Prim-roſe out*,
That by thy early choice forewarn'd
My ſoule might looke about.
O what a vanity is man!
How like the Eye's quick winke
His Cottage failes, whoſe narrow ſpan
Begins even at the brink!
Nine months thy hands are faſhioning us,
And many yeares alas!
E're we can liſp, or ought diſcuſſe
Concerning thee, muſt paſſe;
Yet have I knowne thy ſlighteſt things,
A *feather*, or a *ſhell*,

A *ſtick*, or *Rod*, which ſome Chance brings,
The beſt of us excell.
Yea, I have knowne theſe ſhreds out laſt
A faire-compacted frame,
And for one *Twenty* we have paſt
Almoſt outlive our name.
Thus haſt thou plac'd in man's outſide
Death to the Common Eye,
That heaven within him might abide,
And cloſe eternitie.
Hence youth and folly, man's firſt ſhame,
Are put unto the ſlaughter,
And ſerious thoughts begin to tame
The wiſe-man's madneſs, *Laughter*.
Dull, wretched wormes! that would not keepe
Within our firſt faire bed,
But out of *Paradiſe* muſt creepe
For ev'ry foote to tread!
Yet had our Pilgrimage bin free,
And ſmooth without a thorne,
Pleaſures had foil'd Eternitie,
And *tares* had choakt the *Corne*.
Thus by the Croſſe Salvation runnes;
Affliction is a mother,
Whoſe painfull throes yield many ſons,
Each fairer than the other.
A ſilent teare can peirce thy throne,
When lowd Joyes want a wing;
And ſweeter aires ſtreame from a grone,
Than any arted ſtring.
Thus, Lord, I ſee my gaine is great,
My loſſe but little to it;
Yet ſomething more I muſt intreate,
And only thou canſt doe it.

O let me, like him, know my End,
And be as glad to find it!
And whatſoe'r thou ſhalt Commend,
Still let thy ſervant mind it!
Then make my ſoule white as his owne,
My faith as pure and ſtęddy,
And deck me, Lord, with the ſame Crowne
That has crownd him already!

Vanity of Spirit.

QUite ſpent with thoughts I left my Cell, and lay
Where a ſhrill ſpring tun'd to the early day.
I beg'd here long, and gron'd to know
Who gave the Clouds ſo brave a bow,
Who bent the ſpheres, and circled in
Corruption with this glorious Ring;
What is his name, and how I might
Deſcry ſome part of his great light.
I ſummon'd nature; peirc'd through all her ſtore;
Broke up ſome ſeales, which none had touch'd before;
Her wombe, her boſome, and her head,
Where all her ſecrets lay a bed,
I rifled quite, and having paſt
Through all the Creatures, came at laſt
To ſearch myſelfe, where I did find
Traces, and ſounds of a ſtrange kind.
Here of this mighty ſpring I found ſome drills,
With Ecchoes beaten from th' eternall hills.
Weake beames and fires flaſh'd to my ſight,

Like a young Eaſt, or Moone-ſhine night,
Wich ſhew'd me in a nook caſt by
A peece of much antiquity,
With Hyerogliphicks quite diſmembred,
And broken letters ſcarce remembred.
I tooke them up, and, much Joy'd, went about
T' unite thoſe peeces, hoping to find out
The myſtery; but this near done,
That little light I had was gone.
It griev'd me much. At laſt, ſaid I,
Since in theſe veyls my Ecclips'd Eye
May not approach thee, (for at night
Who can have commerce with the light?)
I'le diſapparell, and to buy
But one half glaunce moſt gladly dye.

The Retreate.

HAppy thoſe early dayes, when I
Shin'd in my Angell-infancy!
Before I underſtood this place
Appointed for my ſecond race,
Or taught my ſoul to fancy ought
But a white, Celeſtiall thought;
When yet I had not walkt above
A mile or two from my firſt love,
And looking back, at that ſhort ſpace,
Could ſee a glimpſe of his bright-face;
When on ſome *gilded Cloud* or *flowre*
My gazing ſoul would dwell an houre,
And in thoſe weaker glories ſpy

Some ſhadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My Conſcience with a ſinfull ſound,
Or had the black art to diſpence
A ſev'rall ſinne to ev'ry ſence,
But felt through all this fleſhly dreſſe
Bright *ſhootes* of everlaſtingneſſe.

O how I long to travell back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plaine,
Where firſt I left my glorious traine;
From whence th' Inlightned ſpirit ſees
That ſhady City of Palme trees.
But ah! my ſoul with too much ſtay
Is drunk, and ſtaggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward ſteps would move;
And when this duſt falls to the urn,
In that ſtate I came return.

¶

COme, come! what doe I here?
Since he is gone
Each day is grown a dozen year,
And each houre one.
Come, come!
Cut off the ſum
By theſe ſoil'd tears!
(Which only thou
Know'ſt to be true,)
Dayes are my feares.

2.

There's not a wind can ſtir,
Or beam paſſe by,
But ſtrait I think, though far,
Thy hand is nigh.
Come, come!
Strike theſe lips dumb:
This reſtleſs breath,
That ſoiles thy name,
Will ne'r be tame
Untill in death.

3.

Perhaps ſome think a tombe
No houſe of ſtore,
But a dark, ſeal'd up wombe,
Which ne'r breeds more.
Come, come!
Such thoughts benum.
But I would be
With him I weep
A-bed, and ſleep
To wake in thee.

¶ Midnight.

WHen to my Eyes,
Whilſt deep ſleep others catches,
Thine hoſt of ſpyes,
The ſtarres, ſhine in their watches,
I doe ſurvey
Each buſie Ray,

And how they work and wind,
And wiſh each beame
My ſoul doth ſtream
With the like ardour ſhin'd.
What Emanations,
Quick vibrations,
And bright ſtirs are there!
What thin Ejections,
Cold Affections,
And ſlow motions here!

2.

Thy heav'ns, ſome ſay,
Are a firie-liquid light,
Which mingling aye
Streames and flames thus to the ſight.
Come then, my God!
Shine on this bloud
And water in one beame;
And thou ſhalt ſee
Kindled by thee
Both liquors burne and ſtreame.
O what bright quickneſs,
Active brightneſs,
And celeſtiall flowes,
Will follow after
On that water,
Which thy Spirit blowes!

Math. Cap. 3. ver. xi.

I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance, but he that commeth after me, is mightier than I; whoſe ſhooes I am not worthy to beare; he ſhall baptize you with the holy Ghoſt, and with fire.

¶ Content.

PEace, peace! I know 'twas brave;
But this coarſe fleece,
I ſhelter in, is ſlave
To no ſuch peece.
When I am gone,
I ſhall no wardrobes leave
To friend or ſonne,
But what their own homes weave.

2.

Such, though not proud nor full,
May make them weep,
And mourn to ſee the wooll
Outlaſt the ſheep;
Poore, Pious weare!
Hadſt thou bin rich, or fine,
Perhaps that teare
Had mourn'd thy loſſe, not mine.

3.

Why then theſe curl'd, puffed points,
Or a laced ſtory?
Death ſets all out of Joint,
And ſcornes their glory.
Some Love a *Roſe*
In hand, ſome in the ſkin;
But, croſſe to thoſe,
I would have mine *within*.

¶

JOy of my life while left me here!
And ſtill my Love!
How in thy abſence thou doſt ſteere
Me from above!
A life well lead
This truth commends,
With quick or dead
It never ends.

2.

Stars are of mighty uſe: The night
Is dark, and long;
The Rode foul; and where one goes right,
Six may go wrong.
One twinkling ray,
Shot o'er ſome cloud,
May clear much way,
And guide a croud.

3.

Gods Saints are ſhining lights: who ſtays
Here long muſt paſſe
O're dark hills, ſwift ſtreames, and ſteep ways
As ſmooth as glaſſe;
But theſe all night,
Like Candles, ſhed
Their beams, and light
Us into Bed.

4.

They are indeed our Pillar-fires,
Seen as we go;

They are that Citie's ſhining ſpires
We travell to.
A ſwordlike gleame
Kept man from ſin
Firſt *Out;* This beame
Will guide him *In.*

The Storm.

See the uſe: and know my bloud
Is not a Sea,
But a ſhallow, bounded floud,
Though red as he;
Yet have I flows as ſtrong as his,
And boyling ſtremes that rave
With the ſame curling force and hiſſe,
As doth the mountained wave.

2.

But when his waters billow thus,
Dark ſtorms and wind
Incite them to that fierce diſcuſſe,
Elſe not Inclin'd.
Thus the Enlarg'd, inraged air
Uncalmes theſe to a floud;
But ſtill the weather that's moſt fair
Breeds tempeſts in my bloud.

3.

Lord, round me then with weeping Clouds,
And let my mind
In quick blaſts ſigh beneath thoſe ſhrouds,
A ſpirit-wind;

So ſhall that ſtorme purge this *Recluſe*
Which ſinfull eaſe made foul,
And *wind* and *water* to thy uſe
Both *waſh*, and *wing* my ſoul.

The Morning-watch.

O Joyes! Infinite ſweetneſs! with what flowres
And ſhoots of glory my ſoul breakes and buds!
All the long houres
Of night and Reſt,
Through the ſtill ſhrouds
Of ſleep and Clouds,
This Dew fell on my Breaſt;
O how it *Blouds*,
And *Spirits* all my Earth! heark! In what Rings,
And *Hymning Circulations* the quick world
Awakes and ſings!
The riſing winds,
And falling ſprings,
Birds, beaſts, all things
Adore him in their kinds.
Thus all is hurl'd
In ſacred *Hymnes* and *Order*, the great *Chime*
And *Symphony* of nature. Prayer is
The world in tune,
A ſpirit-voyce,
And vocall joyes,
Whoſe *Eccho* is heav'ns bliſſe.
O let me climbe

When I lye down! The Pious ſoul by night
Is like a clouded ſtarre, whoſe beames, though ſaid
To ſhed their light
Under ſome Cloud,
Yet are above,
And ſhine and move
Beyond that miſtie ſhrowd.
So in my Bed,
That Curtain'd grave, though ſleep, like aſhes, hide
My lamp and life, both ſhall in thee abide.

The Evening-watch.

A Dialogue.

Body.

FArewell! I goe to ſleep; but when
The day-ſtar ſprings, I'le wake agen.

Soul.

Goe, ſleep in peace; and when thou lyeſt
Unnumber'd in thy duſt, when all this frame
Is but one dramme, and what thou now deſcrieſt
In ſev'rall parts ſhall want a name,
Then may his peace be with thee, and each duſt
Writ in his book, who ne'r betray'd man's truſt!

Body.

Amen! but hark, eer we two ſtray,
How many hours doſt think 'till day?

Soul.

Ah! go; thou'rt weak, and ſleepie. Heav'n

Is a plain watch, and without figures winds
All ages up; who drew this Circle, even
He, fils it; Dayes and hours are *Blinds*.
Yet this take with thee; The laſt gaſp of time
Is thy firſt breath, and man's *eternall Prime*.

¶

SIlence and ſtealth of dayes! 'tis now,
Since thou art gone,
Twelve hundred houres, and not a brow
But Clouds hang on.
As he that in ſome Cave's thick damp,
Lockt from the light,
Fixeth a ſolitary lamp,
To brave the night,
And walking from his Sun, when paſt
That glim'ring Ray,
Cuts through the heavy miſts in haſte
Back to his day;
So o'er fled minutes I retreat
Unto that hour,
Which ſhew'd thee laſt, but did defeat
Thy light and pow'r.
I ſearch, and rack my ſoul to ſee
Thoſe beams again;
But nothing but the ſnuff to me
Appeareth plain.
That, dark and dead, ſleeps in its known,
And common urn;
But thoſe, fled to their Maker's throne,
There ſhine and burn.
O could I track them! but ſouls muſt

Track one the other;
And now the ſpirit, not the duſt,
Muſt be thy brother.
Yet I have one *Pearle*, by whoſe light
All things I ſee;
And in the heart of Earth and night
Find Heaven, and thee.

Church-Service.

Leſt be the God of Harmony and Love!
The God above!
And holy Dove!
Whoſe Interceding, ſpirituall grones
Make reſtleſs mones
For duſt and ſtones;
For duſt in every part,
But a hard, ſtonie heart.

2.

O how in this thy Quire of Souls I ſtand,
Propt by thy hand,
A heap of ſand!
Which buſie thoughts, like winds, would ſcatter quite,
And put to flight,
But for thy might;
Thy hand alone doth tame
Thoſe blaſts, and knit my frame;

3.

So that both ſtones and duſt, and all of me
Joyntly agree
To cry to thee;

And in this Muſick, by thy Martyrs' bloud
Seal'd and made good,
Preſent, O God,
The Eccho of theſe ſtones,
My ſighes, and grones!

Buriall.

Thou! the firſt fruits of the dead,
And their dark bed,
When I am caſt into that deep
And ſenſeleſs ſleep,
The wages of my ſinne,
O then,
Thou great Preſerver of all men,
Watch o're that looſe
And empty houſe,
Which I ſometimes liv'd in!

2.

It is in truth a ruin'd peece,
Not worth thy Eyes;
And ſcarce a room, but wind and rain
Beat through and ſtain
The ſeats, and Cells within;
Yet thou
Led by thy Love wouldſt ſtoop thus low,
And in this Cott,
All filth and ſpott,
Didſt with thy ſervant Inne.

3.

And nothing can, I hourely ſee,
Drive thee from me.
Thou art the ſame, faithfull and juſt,
In life or Duſt.
Though then thus crumm'd I ſtray
In blaſts,
Or Exhalations, and waſts,
Beyond all Eyes
Yet thy love ſpies
That Change, and knows thy Clay.

4.

The world's thy boxe: how then, there toſt,
Can I be loſt?
But the delay is all; Tyme now
Is old and ſlow;
His wings are dull and ſickly.
Yet he
Thy ſervant is, and waits on thee.
Cutt then the ſumme,
Lord, haſte, Lord, come,
O come, Lord *Jeſus*, quickly!

Rom. Cap. 8. ver. 23.

And not only they, but our ſelves alſo, which have the firſt fruits of the ſpirit, even wee our ſelves grone within our ſelves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, *the redemption of our body.*

Chearfulneſs.

LOrd, with what courage and delight
I doe each thing,
When thy leaſt breath ſuſtaines my wing!
I ſhine and move
Like thoſe above,
And, with much gladneſſe
Quitting ſadneſſe,
Make me faire dayes of every night.

2.

Affliction thus meere pleaſure is;
And hap what will,
If thou be in't, 'tis welcome ſtill.
But ſince thy rayes
In Sunnie dayes
Thou doſt thus lend,
And freely ſpend,
Ah! what ſhall I return for this?

3.

O that I were all Soul! that thou
Wouldſt make each part
Of this poor ſinfull frame pure heart!
Then would I drown
My ſingle one;
And to thy praiſe
A Concert raiſe
Of *Hallelujahs* here below.

¶

SUre, there's a tye of Bodyes! and as they
Diſſolve with it to Clay,
Love languiſheth, and memory doth ruſt
O'r-caſt with that cold duſt;
For things thus *Center'd*, without *Beames* or *Action*,
Nor give, nor take *Contaction*;
And man is ſuch a Marygold, theſe fled,
That ſhuts, and hangs the head.

2.

Abſents within the Line Conſpire, and *Senſe*
Things diſtant doth unite;
Herbs ſleep unto the *Eaſt*, and ſome fowles thence
Watch the Returns of light.
But hearts are not ſo kind: falſe, ſhort delights
Tell us the world is brave,
And wrap us in Imaginary flights
Wide of a faithfull grave.

3.

Thus *Lazarus* was carried out of town;
For 'tis our foe's chief art
By diſtance all good objects firſt to drown,
And then beſiege the heart.
But I will be my own *Death's-head*; and though
The flatt'rer ſay, *I live*,
Becauſe Incertainties we cannot know,
Be ſure not to believe.

Peace.

MY Soul, there is a Countrie
Afar beyond the ſtars,
Where ſtands a winged Sentrie
All ſkilfull in the wars.
There, above noiſe and danger,
Sweet peace ſits crown'd with ſmiles,
And one born in a Manger
Commands the Beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend
And (O my Soul awake!)
Did in pure love deſcend,
To die here for thy ſake.
If thou canſt get but thither,
There growes the flowre of peace,
The Roſe that cannot wither,
Thy fortreſſe, and thy eaſe.
Leave then thy fooliſh ranges;
For none can thee ſecure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

The Paſſion.

O My chief good!
My dear, dear God!
When thy bleſt bloud
Did iſſue forth forc'd by the Rod,

What pain didſt thou
Feel in each blow!
How didſt thou weep,
And thy ſelf ſteep
In thy own precious, ſaving teares!
What cruell ſmart
Did teare thy heart!
How didſt thou grone it
In the ſpirit,
O thou, whom my ſoul Loves, and feares!

2.

Moſt bleſſed Vine!
Whoſe juice ſo good
I feel as Wine,
But thy faire branches felt as bloud,
How wert thou preſt
To be my feaſt!
In what deep anguiſh
Didſt thou languiſh!
What ſprings of Sweat and bloud did drown thee!
How in one path
Did the full wrath
Of thy great Father
Crowd and gather,
Doubling thy griefs, when none would own thee!

3.

How did the weight
Of all our ſinnes,
And death unite
To wrench and Rack thy bleſſed limbes!
How pale, and bloudie
Lookt thy Body!

How bruis'd, and broke
With every ſtroke!
How meek, and patient was thy ſpirit!
How didſt thou cry,
And grone on high
Father forgive,
And let them live!
I dye to make my foes inherit!

4.

O bleſſed Lamb!
That took'ſt my ſinne,
That took'ſt my ſhame,
How ſhall thy duſt thy praiſes ſing?
I would I were
One hearty teare!
One conſtant ſpring!
Then would I bring
Thee two ſmall mites, and be at ſtrife
Which ſhould moſt vie,
My heart, or eye,
Teaching my years
In ſmiles and tears
To weep, to ſing, thy *Death*, my *Life*.

Rom. Cap. 8. ver. 19.

Etenim res Creatæ exerto Capite obſervantes expectant revelationem Filiorum Dei.

AND do they ſo? have they a Senſe
Of ought but Influence?
Can they their heads lift, and expect,
And grone too? why th' Elect,

Can do no more: my volumes ſaid
They were all dull, and dead;
They judg'd them ſenſleſſe, and their ſtate
Wholly inanimate.
Go, go; Seal up thy looks,
And burn thy books!

2.

I would I were a ſtone, or tree,
Or flowre by pedigree,
Or ſome poor high-way herb, or Spring
To flow, or bird to ſing!
Then ſhould I, tyed to one ſure ſtate,
All day expect my date.
But I am ſadly looſe, and ſtray
A giddy blaſt each way;
O let me not thus range!
Thou canſt not change.

3.

Sometimes I ſit with thee, and tarry
An hour or ſo, then vary.
Thy other Creatures in this Scene
Thee only aym and mean;
Some riſe to ſeek thee, and with heads
Erect peep from their beds;
Others, whoſe birth is in the tomb,
And cannot quit the womb,
Sigh there, and grone for thee,
Their liberty.

4.

O let not me do leſſe! ſhall they
Watch, while I ſleep or play?

Shall I thy mercies ſtill abuſe
With fancies, friends, or newes?
O brook it not! thy bloud is mine,
And my ſoul ſhould be thine;
O brook it not! why wilt thou ſtop
After whole ſhowres one drop?
Sure, thou wilt joy to ſee
Thy ſheep with thee.

The Relapſe.

MY God, how gracious art thou! I had ſlipt
Almoſt to hell,
And on the verge of that dark, dreadful pit
Did hear them yell;
But O thy love! thy rich, almighty love,
That ſav'd my ſoul,
And checkt their furie, when I ſaw them move,
And heard them howl!
O my ſoule Comfort, take no more theſe wayes
This hideous path,
And I will mend my own without delayes,
Ceaſe thou thy wrath!
I have deſerv'd a thick, Egyptian damp,
Dark as my deeds,
Should *miſt* within me, and put out that lamp
Thy ſpirit feeds;
A darting Conſcience full of ſtabs and fears;
No ſhade but *Yewgh*,
Sullen and ſad Ecclipſes, Cloudie ſpheres,
Theſe are my due.

But he that with his bloud, (a price too deere,)
My ſcores did pay,
Bid me, by vertue from him, chalenge here
The brighteſt day;
Sweet, downie thoughts, ſoft *Lily*-ſhades, Calm ſtreams,
Joyes full and true,
Freſh, ſpicie mornings, and eternal beams,—
Theſe are his due!

The Reſolve.

I Have conſider'd it; and find
A longer ſtay
Is but excus'd neglect. To mind
One path, and ſtray
Into another, or to none,
Cannot be love;
When ſhall that traveller come home,
That will not move?
If thou would'ſt thither, linger not,
Catch at the place;
Tell youth and beauty they muſt rot,
They're but a *Caſe;*
Looſe, parcell'd hearts will freeze: The Sun
With ſcatter'd locks
Scarce warms, but by contraction
Can heat the rocks.
Call in thy *Powers;* run on, and reach
Home with the light;
Be there, before the ſhadows ſtretch,
And *Span* up night.
Follow the *Cry* no more: there is

An ancient way
All ſtrewed with flowres and happineſs,
And freſh as *May;*
There turn, and turn no more; Let wits,
Smile at fair eies,
Or lips; But who there weeping ſits,
Hath got the *Prize.*

The Match.

Ear friend! whoſe holy ever-living lines
Have done much good
To many, and have checkt my blood,
My fierce, wild blood, that ſtill heaves,
and inclines,
But is ſtill tam'd
By thoſe bright fires which thee inflam'd;
Here I joyn hands, and thruſt my ſtubborn heart
Into thy *Deed,*
There from no *Duties* to be freed,
And if hereafter *youth* or *folly* thwart
And claim their ſhare,
Here I renounce the pois'nous ware.

II.

ACcept, dread Lord, the poore Oblation;
It is but poore;
Yet through thy mercies may be more.
O thou! that canſt not wiſh my ſoul's damnation,
Afford me life,
And ſave me from all inward ſtrife!

Two *Lifes* I hold from thee, my gracious Lord,
Both coſt thee dear;
For one, I am thy Tenant here;
The other, the true life, in the next world
And endleſs is,
O let me ſtill mind *that* in *this!*
To thee therefore my *Thoughts*, *Words*, *Actions*
I do reſign;
Thy will in all be done, not mine.
Settle my *houſe*, and ſhut out all diſtractions
That may unknit
My heart, and thee planted in it;
Lord *Jeſu!* thou didſt bow thy bleſſed head
Upon a tree,
O do as much, now unto me!
O hear, and heal thy ſervant! Lord, ſtrike dead
All luſts in me,
Who onely wiſh life to ſerve thee!
Suffer no more this duſt to overflow
And drown my eies;
But ſeal, or pin them to thy ſkies.
And let this *grain*, which here in tears I ſow,
Though *dead* and *ſick*,
Through thy *Increaſe* grow *new* and *quick*.

Rules *and* Leſſons.

WHen firſt thy Eies unveil, give thy ſoul leave
To do the like; our Bodies but forerun
The Spirit's duty. True hearts ſpread and heave

Unto their God, as flow'rs do to the Sun.
Give him thy first thoughts then; so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in him sleep.

Yet never sleep the Sun up. Prayer shou'd
Dawn with the day. There are set, awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us. The *Manna* was not good
After Sun-rising; far-day sullies flowres.
Rise to prevent the Sun; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when this world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures: note the *hush*
And *whispers* amongst *them*. There's not a *Spring*,
Or *Leafe* but hath his *Morning-hymn*. Each *Bush*
And *Oak* doth know *I AM*. Canst thou not sing?
O leave thy Cares, and follies! go this way;
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let him not go,
Until thou hast a blessing; then resigne
The whole unto him; and remember who
Prevail'd by *wrestling* ere the *Sun* did *shine*.
Poure *Oyle* upon the *stones;* weep for thy sin;
Then journey on, and have an eie to heav'n.

Mornings are *Mysteries;* the first world's *Youth*,
Man's *Resurrection*, and the future's *Bud*
Shrowd in their births: The Crown of life, light, truth
Is stil'd their *starre*, the *stone*, and *hidden food*.
Three *blessings* wait upon them, two of which
Should move; They make us *holy*, *happy*, rich.

When the world's up, and ev'ry swarm abroad,
Keep thou thy temper; mix not with each Clay;
Dispatch necessities; life hath a load

Which muſt be carri'd on, and ſafely may.
Yet keep thoſe cares without thee, let the heart
Be God's alone, and chooſe the better part.

Through all thy *Actions*, *Counſels*, and *Diſcourſe*,
Let *Mildneſs* and *Religion* guide thee out;
If truth be thine, what needs a brutiſh force?
But what's not *good* and *juſt* ne'er go about.
Wrong not thy Conſcience for a rotten ſtick;
That gain is dreadful, which makes ſpirits ſick.

To God, thy countrie, and thy friend be true;
If *Prieſt* and *People* change, keep thou thy ground.
Who ſels Religion, is a *Judas Jew*;
And, oathes once broke, the ſoul cannot be ſound.
The perjurer's a devil let looſe: what can
Tie up his hands, that dares mock God and man?

Seek not the ſame ſteps with the *Crowd*; ſtick thou
To thy ſure trot; a Conſtant, humble mind
Is both his own Joy, and his Maker's too;
Let folly duſt it on, or lag behind.
A ſweet *ſelf-privacy* in a right ſoul
Out-runs the Earth, and lines the utmoſt pole.

To all that ſeek thee bear an open heart;
Make not thy breaſt a *Labyrinth* or *Trap*;
If tryals come, this wil make good thy part,
For honeſty is ſafe, come what can hap;
It is the good man's *feaſt*, the prince of flowres,
Which thrives in *ſtorms*, and ſmels beſt after *ſhowres*.

Seal not thy Eyes up from the poor, but give
Proportion to their *Merits*, and thy *Purſe*;

Thou may'ſt in Rags a mighty Prince relieve,
Who, when thy ſins call for't, can fence a Curſe.
Thou ſhalt not loſe one *mite*. Though waters ſtray,
The Bread we caſt returns in fraughts one day.

Spend not an hour ſo as to weep another,
For tears are not thine own; If thou giv'ſt words,
Daſh not with them thy *friend*, nor *Heav'n*; O ſmother
A viperous thought; ſome *Syllables* are *Swords*.
Unbitted tongues are in their penance double;
They ſhame their *owners*, and their *hearers* trouble.

Injure not modeſt bloud, while *ſpirits* riſe
In judgement againſt *Lewdneſs*; that's baſe wit,
That voyds but *filth* and *ſtench*. Haſt thou no prize
But *ſickneſs* or *Infection?* ſtifle it.
Who makes his jeſt of ſins, muſt be at leaſt
If not a very *devill*, worſe than *Beaſt*.

Yet fly no friend, if he be ſuch indeed;
But meet to quench his *Longings*, and thy *Thirſt*;
Allow your Joyes *Religion*; That done, ſpeed,
And bring the ſame man back, thou wert at firſt.
Who ſo returns not, cannot pray aright,
But ſhuts his door, and leaves God out all night.

To heighten thy *Devotions*, and keep low
All mutinous thoughts, what buſines e'r thou haſt,
Obſerve God in his works; here *fountains* flow,
Birds ſing, *Beaſts* feed, *Fiſh* leap, and th' *Earth* ſtands faſt;
Above are reſtles *motions*, running *Lights*,
Vaſt Circling *Azure*, giddy *Clouds*, days, nights.

When *Seaſons* change, then lay before thine Eys
His wondrous *Method;* mark the various *Scenes*
In heav'n; *Hail, Thunder, Rain-bows, Snow,* and *Ice,*
Calmes, Tempeſts, Light, and *darknes* by his means;
Thou canſt not miſſe his Praiſe; Each *tree, herb, flowre*
Are ſhadows of his *wiſedome,* and his Pow'r.

To *meales* when thou doeſt come, give him the praiſe
Whoſe *Arm* ſupply'd thee; Take what may ſuffice,
And then be thankful; O admire His ways
Who fils the world's unempty'd granaries!
A thankleſs feeder is a *Theif,* his feaſt
A very *Robbery,* and himſelf no *gueſt.*

High-noon thus paſt, thy time decays; provide
Thee other thoughts; Away with friends and mirth;
The Sun now ſtoops, and haſtes his beams to hide
Under the dark and melancholy Earth.
All but preludes thy End. Thou art the man
Whoſe *Riſe, hight,* and *Deſcent* is but a ſpan.

Yet, ſet as he doth, and 'tis well. Have all
Thy Beams home with thee: trim thy Lamp, buy *Oyl,*
And then ſet forth; who is thus dreſt, The *Fall*
Furthers his glory, and gives death the foyl.
Man is a *Summer's day;* whoſe *youth* and *fire*
Cool to a glorious *Evening,* and Expire.

When night comes, liſt thy deeds; make plain the way
'Twixt heaven and thee; block it not with delays;
But perfect all before thou ſleep'ſt; Then ſay
Ther's one Sun more ſtrung on my Bead of days.
What's good ſcore up for Joy; the bad well ſcann'd
Waſh off with tears, and get thy *Maſter's* hand.

Thy Accounts thus made, ſpend in the grave one houre
Before thy time; Be not a ſtranger there,
Where thou may'ſt ſleep whole ages; Life's poor flow'r
Laſts not a night ſometimes. Bad ſpirits fear
This Converſation; But the good man lyes
Intombed many days before he dyes.

Being laid, and dreſt for ſleep, Cloſe not thy Eyes
Up with thy Curtains; Give thy ſoul the wing
In ſome good thoughts; So when the day ſhall riſe,
And thou *unrak'ſt* thy *fire*, thoſe *ſparks* will bring
New *flames*; Beſides where theſe lodge vain *heats* mourn
And die; that *Buſh*, where God is, ſhall not burn.

When thy *Nap's* over, ſtir thy fire, unrake
In that *dead age*; one beam i'th' dark outvies
Two in the day; Then from the *Damps* and *Ake*
Of night ſhut up thy *leaves*; be Chaſte; God prys
Through thickeſt nights; Though then the Sun be far,
Do thou the works of *Day*, and riſe a *Star*.

Briefly, *Doe as thou would'ſt be done unto,*
Love God, and love thy Neighbour; Watch, and Pray.
Theſe are the *Words*, and *Works* of life; This do,
And live; who doth not thus, hath loſt *Heav'n's way*.
O loſe it not! look up, wilt Change thoſe *Lights*
For *Chains* of *Darknes and Eternal Nights?*

Corruption.

SUre, It was ſo. Man in thoſe early days
Was not all ſtone and Earth;
He ſhin'd a little, and by thoſe weak Rays,
Had ſome glimpſe of his birth.
He ſaw Heaven o'er his head, and knew from whence
He came condemned hither,
And, as firſt Love draws ſtrongeſt, ſo from hence
His mind ſure progreſs'd thither.
Things here were ſtrange unto him: Swet and till,
All was a thorn or weed;
Nor did thoſe laſt, but, like himſelf, dyed ſtill
As ſoon as they did *Seed;*
They ſeem'd to quarrel with him; for that Act,
That fell'd him, foyl'd them all;
He drew the Curſe upon the world, and Crackt
The whole frame with his fall.
This made him long for *home,* as loath to ſtay
With murmurers and foes;
He ſighed for *Eden,* and would often ſay
Ah! what bright days were thoſe!
Nor was Heav'n cold unto him; for each day
The vally, or the Mountain
Afforded viſits, and ſtill *Paradiſe* lay
In ſome green ſhade or fountain.
Angels lay *Leiger* here; Each Buſh, and Cell,
Each Oke and high-way knew them;
Walk but the fields, or ſit down at ſome *well,*
And he was ſure to view them.
Almighty *Love!* where art thou now? mad man

Sits down, and freezeth on,
He raves, and ſwears to ſtir nor fire nor fan,
But bids the thread be ſpun.
I ſee, thy Curtains are Cloſe-drawn; Thy bow
Looks dim too in the Cloud;
Sin triumphs ſtill, and man is ſunk below
The Center, and his ſhrowd.
All's in deep ſleep, and night; Thick darkneſs lyes
And hatcheth o'er thy people—
But hark! what trumpet's that, what angel cries
Ariſe! Thruſt in thy ſickle!

H. Scriptures.

WElcome, dear book, ſoul's Joy and food!
The feaſt
Of Spirits; Heav'n extracted lyes in thee.
Thou art life's Charter, The Dove's
ſpotleſs neſt
Where ſouls are hatch'd unto Eternitie.

In thee the hidden ſtone, the *Manna* lies;
Thou art the great *Elixir* rare and Choice;
The Key that opens to all Myſteries,
The *Word* in Characters, God in the *Voice*.

O that I had deep Cut in my hard heart
Each line in thee! Then would I plead in groans
Of my Lord's penning, and by ſweeteſt Art
Return upon himſelf the *Law*, and *Stones*.
Read here, my faults are thine. This Book, and I
Will tell thee ſo; *Sweet Saviour thou didſt dye!*

Unprofitablenes.

HOw rich, O Lord, how freſh thy viſits are!
'Twas but juſt now my bleak leaves hopeleſs hung
Sullyed with duſt and mud;
Each ſnarling blaſt ſhot through me, and did ſhear
Their Youth and beauty; Cold ſhowres nipt, and wrung
Their ſpicineſs and bloud.
But ſince thou didſt in one ſweet glance ſurvey
Their ſad decays, I flouriſh, and once more
Breathe all perfumes and ſpice;
I ſmell a dew like *Myrrh*, and all the day
Wear in my boſome a full Sun; ſuch ſtore
Hath one beame from thy Eyes.
But, ah, my God! what fruit haſt thou of this?
What one poor leaf did ever I let fall
To wait upon thy wreath?
Thus thou all day a thankleſs weed doſt dreſs,
And when th' haſt done, a ſtench or fog is all
The odour I bequeath.

Chriſts Nativity.

AWake, glad heart! get up, and Sing!
It is the Birth-day of thy King.
Awake! awake!
The Sun doth ſhake

Light from his locks, and, all the way
Breathing Perfumes, doth ſpice the day.

2.

Awake, awake! heark how th' *wood* rings,
Winds whiſper, and the buſie *ſprings*
A Concert make;
Awake! awake!
Man is their high-prieſt, and ſhould riſe
To offer up the ſacrifice.

3.

I would I were ſome *Bird*, or ſtar,
Flutt'ring in woods, or lifted far
Above this *Inne*
And Rode of ſin!
Then either Star or *Bird* ſhould be
Shining or ſinging ſtill to thee.

4.

I would I had in my beſt part
Fit Roomes for thee! or that my heart
Were ſo clean as
Thy manger was!
But I am all filth, and obſcene;
Yet, if thou wilt, thou canſt make clean.

5.

Sweet *Jeſu!* will then; Let no more
This Leper haunt and ſoyl thy door!
Cure him, Eaſe him,
O releaſe him!
And let once more, by myſtick birth,
The Lord of life be born in Earth.

II.

HOw kind is heav'n to man! If here
One ſinner doth amend,
Strait there is Joy, and ev'ry ſphere
In muſick doth Contend.
And ſhall we then no voices lift?
Are mercy and ſalvation
Not worth our thanks? Is life a gift
Of no more acceptation?
Shall he that did come down from thence,
And here for us was ſlain,
Shall he be now caſt off? no ſenſe
Of all his woes remain?
Can neither Love nor ſuff'rings bind?
Are we all ſtone and Earth?
Neither his bloudy paſſions mind,
Nor one day bleſſe his birth?
Alas, my God! Thy birth now here
Muſt not be numbred in the year.*

The Check.

PEace, peace! I bluſh to hear thee; when thou art
A duſty ſtory,
A ſpeechleſſe heap, and in the midſt my heart

* *The Puritans aboliſhed the celebration of Chriſtmas.*

In the ſame livery dreſt
Lyes tame as all the reſt;
When ſix years thence digg'd up, ſome youthfull Eie
Seeks there for Symmetry,
But finding none, ſhall leave thee to the wind,
Or the next foot to Cruſh,
Scatt'ring thy kind
And humble duſt,—tell then, dear fleſh,
Where is thy glory?

2.

As he, that in the midſt of day Expects
The hideous night,
Sleeps not, but ſhaking off ſloth and neglects,
Works with the Sun, and ſets
Paying the day its debts;
That for Repoſe and darkneſs bound, he might
Reſt from the fears i'th' night;
So ſhould we too. All things teach us to die,
And point us out the way;
While we paſſe by,
And mind it not; play not away
Thy glimpſe of light.

3.

View thy fore-runners. Creatures, giv'n to be
Thy youth's Companions,
Take their leave, and die; Birds, beaſts, each tree
All that have growth or breath
Have one large language, *Death!*
O then play not! but ſtrive to Him, who Can
Make theſe ſad ſhades pure Sun,
Turning their miſts to beams, their damps to day;

Whoſe pow'r doth ſo excell
As to make Clay
A ſpirit, and true glory dwell
In duſt and ſtones.

4.

Heark, how he doth Invite thee! with what voice
Of Love and ſorrow
He begs and Calls! *O that in theſe thy days*
Thou knew'ſt but thy own good!
Shall not the Crys of bloud,
Of God's own bloud awake thee? He bids beware
Of drunknes, ſurfeits, Care;
But thou ſleep'ſt on; where's now thy proteſtation,
Thy Lines, thy Love? Away!
Redeem the day;
The day that gives no obſervation
Perhaps to morrow.

Diſorder *and* frailty.

WHen firſt thou didſt even from the grave
And womb of darkneſs becken out
My brutiſh ſoul, and to thy ſlave
Becam'ſt thy ſelf both guide and Scout;
Even from that hour
Thou got'ſt my heart; And though here toſt
By winds, and bit with froſt,
I pine and ſhrink,
Breaking the link
'Twixt thee and me; And oftimes creep
Into th' old ſilence, and dead ſleep,

Quitting thy way
All the long day;
Yet, ſure, my God! I love thee moſt.
Alas, thy love!

2.

I threaten heaven, and from my Cell
Of Clay and frailty break and bud,
Touch'd by thy fire and breath; Thy bloud
Too is my Dew, and ſpringing well.
But while I grow
And ſtretch to thee, ayming at all
Thy ſtars and ſpangled hall,
Each fly doth taſte,
Poyſon, and blaſt
My yielding leaves; ſometimes a ſhowr
Beats them quite off; and in an hour
Not one poor ſhoot,
But the bare root
Hid under ground ſurvives the fall.
Alas, frail weed!

3.

Thus like ſome ſleeping Exhalation,
Which, wak'd by heat and beams, makes up
Unto that Comforter, the Sun,
And ſoars, and ſhines, but e'er we ſup
And walk two ſteps,
Cool'd by the damps of night deſcends,
And, whence it ſprung, there ends,
Doth my weak fire
Pine, and retire;
And, after all my hight of flames,
In ſickly Expirations tames,

Leaving me dead
On my firſt bed,
Untill thy Sun again aſcends.
Poor, falling Star!

4.

O, yes! but give wings to my fire;
And hatch my ſoul, untill it fly
Up where thou art, amongſt thy tire
Of Stars, above Infirmity;
Let not perverſe,
And fooliſh thoughts adde to my Bill
Of forward Sins, and Kill
That ſeed, which thou
In me didſt ſow;
But dreſſe, and water with thy grace
Together with the ſeed, the place;
And, for his ſake
Who died to ſtake
His life for mine, tune to thy will
My heart, my verſe.

Hoſea Cap. 6. ver. 4.

O Ephraim what ſhall I do unto thee? O Judah how ſhall I intreat thee? for thy goodneſs is as a morning Cloud, and as the early Dew it goeth away.

Idle Verſe.

GO, go, queint folies, ſugred ſin,
Shadow no more my door!
I will no longer Cobwebs ſpin;
I'm too much on the ſcore.

For ſince amidſt my youth and night
My great preſerver ſmiles,
Wee'l make a Match, my only light
And Joyn againſt their wiles.

Blind, deſp'rate *fits*, that ſtudy how
To dreſſe and trim our ſhame,
That gild rank poyſon, and allow
Vice in a fairer name;

The *Purles* of youthfull bloud and bowles,
Luſt in the Robes of Love,
The idle taſk of ſeav'riſh ſouls
Sick with a ſcarf or glove;

Let it ſuffice my warmer days
Simper'd and ſhin'd on you;
Twiſt not my Cypreſſe with your Bays
Or Roſes with my Yewgh.

Go, go, ſeek out ſome greener thing;
It ſnows and freezeth here;
Let Nightingales attend the ſpring;
Winter is all my year.

Son-dayes.

Right ſhadows of true Reſt! ſome ſhoots of bliſſe;
Heaven once a week;
The next world's gladneſs prepoſſeſt in this;
A day to ſeek;

Eternity in time; the ſteps by which
We Climb above all ages; Lamps that light
Man through his heap of dark days; and the rich,
And full redemption of the whole week's flight!

2.

The Pulleys unto headlong man; time's bower;
The narrow way;
Tranſplanted Paradiſe; God's walking houre;
The Cool o'th' day!

The Creature's *Jubile;* God's parle with duſt;
Heaven here; Man on thoſe hills of Myrrh and
flowres;
Angels deſcending; the Returns of Truſt;
A Gleam of Glory after ſix-days-ſhowres!

3.

The Churche's love-feaſts; Time's Prerogative,
And Intereſt
Deducted from the whole; The Combs, and hive,
And home of reſt.

The milky way Chalkt out with Suns; a Clue,
That guides through erring hours; and in full ſtory
A taſte of Heav'n on earth; the pledge and Cue
Of a full feaſt; and the Out-Courts of glory.

Repentance.

LOrd, ſince thou didſt in this vile Clay
That ſacred Ray,
Thy Spirit, plant, quickning the whole
With that one grain's Infuſed wealth,

My forward flesh crept on, and subtly stole
Both growth and power; Checking the health
And heat of thine: That little gate
And narrow way, by which to thee
The Passage is, He term'd a grate
And Entrance to Captivitie;
Thy laws but nets, where some small birds,
And those but seldome too, were caught,
Thy Promises but empty words
Which none but Children heard, or taught.
This I believed: And though a friend
Came oft from far, and whisper'd, *No;*
Yet, that not sorting to my end,
I wholy listen'd to my foe.
Wherefore, pierc'd through with grief, my sad
Seduced soul sighs up to thee;
To thee, who with true light art Clad,
And seest all things just as they be.
Look from thy throne upon this Roll
Of heavy sins, my high transgressions,
Which I Confesse with all my soul;
My God, Accept of my Confession!
It was last day,
Touch'd with the guilt of my own way,
I sate alone, and taking up
The bitter Cup,
Through all thy fair and various store,
Sought out what might outvie my score.
The blades of grasse thy Creatures feeding;
The trees, their leafs; the flowres, their Seeding;
The Dust, of which I am a part;
The Stones much softer than my heart;
The drops of rain, the sighs of wind,
The Stars, to which I am stark blind;

The Dew thy herbs drink up by night,
The beams they warm them at i'th' light;
All that have ſignature or life
I ſummon'd to decide this ſtrife;
And leſt I ſhould lack for Arrears,
A ſpring ran by, I told her tears;
But when theſe came unto the ſcale,
My ſins alone outweigh'd them all.
O my dear God! my life, my love!
Moſt bleſſed lamb! and mildeſt dove!
Forgive your penitent Offender,
And no more his ſins remember;
Scatter theſe ſhades of death, and give
Light to my ſoul, that it may live;
Cut me not off for my tranſgreſſions,
Wilful rebellions, and ſuppreſſions;
But give them in thoſe ſtreams a part
Whoſe ſpring is in my Saviour's heart.
Lord, I confeſſe the heynous ſcore,
And pray, I may do ſo no more;
Though then all ſinners I exceed;
O think on this; *Thy Son did bleed!*
O call to mind his wounds, his woes,
His Agony, and bloudie throes;
Then look on all that thou haſt made,
And mark how they do fail and fade;
The heavens themſelves, though fair and bright,
Are dark and unclean in thy ſight;
How then, with thee, Can man be holy,
Who doeſt thine Angels charge with folly?
O what am I, that I ſhould breed
Figs on a thorne, flowres on a weed?
I am the gourd of ſin and ſorrow,
Growing o'er night, and gone to morrow.

In all this *Round* of life and death
Nothing's more vile than is my breath;
Profanenes on my tongue doth reſt,
Defects and darkneſs in my breſt;
Pollutions all my body wed,
And even my ſoul to thee is dead;
Only in him, on whom I feaſt,
Both ſoul and body are well dreſt;
His pure perfection quits all ſcore,
And fills the Boxes of his poor;
He is the Center of long life and light;
I am but finite, He is Infinite.
O let thy *Juſtice* then in him Confine;
And through his merits make thy mercy mine!

The Burial of an Infant.

BLeſt Infant Bud, whoſe Bloſſome-life
Did only look about, and fall,
Wearyed out in a harmleſs ſtrife
Of tears, and milk, the food of all!

Sweetly didſt thou expire: Thy ſoul
Flew home unſtain'd by his new kin;
For ere thou knew'ſt how to be foul,
Death *wean'd* thee from the world and ſin.

Softly reſt all thy Virgin-Crums!
Lapt in the ſweets of thy young breath,
Expecting till thy Saviour Comes
To *dreſſe* them, and *unſwadle* death.

Faith.

Right and bleſt beame! whoſe ſtrong projection,
Equall to all,
Reacheth as well things of dejection
As th' high and tall;
How hath my God by raying thee
Inlarg'd his ſpouſe,
And of a private familie
Made open houſe!
All may be now Co-heirs; no noiſe
Of *Bond* or *Free*
Can Interdict us from thoſe Joys
That wait on thee.
The Law and Ceremonies made
A glorious night,
Where Stars, and Clouds, both light, and ſhade
Had equal right;
But, as in nature, when the day
Breaks, night adjourns,
Stars ſhut up ſhop, miſts pack away,
And the Moon mourns;
So when the Sun of righteouſneſs
Did once appear,
That Scene was chang'd, and a new dreſſe
Left for us here;
Veiles became uſeles, Altars fell,
Fires ſmoking die;
And all that ſacred pomp, and ſhell
Of things did flie.

Then did He ſhine forth, whoſe ſad fall,
And bitter fights
Were figur'd in thoſe myſtical,
And Cloudie Rites;
And as i'th' natural Sun, theſe three,
Light, motion, heat,
So are now *Faith, Hope, Charity*
Through him Compleat;
Faith ſpans up bliſſe; what ſin and death
Put us quite from,
Leſt we ſhould run for't out of breath,
Faith brings us home;
So that I need no more, but ſay
I do believe,
And my moſt loving Lord ſtraitway
Doth anſwer, *Live!*

The Dawning.

AH! what time wilt thou come? when
ſhall that crie
The *Bridegroome's Comming!* fill the
ſky?
Shall it in the Evening run
When our words and works are done?
Or will thy all-surprizing light
Break at midnight,
When either ſleep, or ſome dark pleaſure
Poſſeſſeth mad man without meaſure?
Or ſhall theſe early, fragrant hours
Unlock thy bowres?
And with their bluſh of light deſcry

Thy locks crown'd with eternitie?
Indeed, it is the only time
That with thy glory doth beſt chime;
All now are ſtirring, ev'ry field
Full hymns doth yield;
The whole Creation ſhakes off night,
And for thy ſhadow looks the light;
Stars now vaniſh without number,
Sleepie Planets ſet and ſlumber,
The purſie Clouds diſband and ſcatter,
All expect ſome ſudden matter;
Not one beam triumphs, but from far
That morning-ſtar.

O at what time ſoever thou,
Unknown to us, the heavens wilt bow,
And, with thy Angels in the *Van*,
Deſcend to judge poor careleſs man,
Grant, I may not like puddle lie
In a Corrupt ſecuritie,
Where, if a traveller water crave,
He finds it dead, and in a grave;
But as this reſtleſs, vocal *Spring*
All day and night doth run, and ſing,
And though here born, yet is acquainted
Elſewhere, and flowing keeps untainted;
So let me all my buſie age
In thy free ſervices ingage;
And though (while here) of force I muſt
Have Commerce ſomtimes with poor duſt,
And in my fleſh, though vile and low,
As this doth in her Channel, flow,
Yet let my Courſe, my aym, my Love,
And chief acquaintance be above;

So when that day and hour ſhall come,
In which thy ſelf will be the Sun,
Thou'lt find me dreſt and on my way,
Watching the Break of thy great day.

Admiſſion.

Ow ſhrill are ſilent tears? when ſin got head
And all my Bowels turn'd
To braſſe and iron, when my ſtock lay dead,
And all my powers mourn'd;
Then did theſe drops, (for Marble ſweats,
And Rocks have tears,)
As rain here at our windows beats,
Chide in thine Ears;

2.

No quiet couldſt thou have: nor didſt thou wink,
And let thy Begger lie,
But e'r my eies could overflow their brink
Didſt to each drop reply;
Bowels of Love! at what low rate,
And ſlight a price
Doſt thou relieve us at thy gate,
And ſtill our Cries!

3.

Wee are thy Infants, and ſuck thee; If thou
But hide, or turn thy face,
Becauſe where thou art yet we cannot go,
We ſend tears to the place.

Theſe find thee out, and though our ſins
Drove thee away;
Yet with thy love that abſence wins
Us double pay.

4.

O give me then a thankful heart! a heart
After thy own, not mine;
So after thine, that all and ev'ry part
Of mine may wait on thine;
O hear! yet not my tears alone,
Hear now a floud,
A floud that drowns both tears and grones,
My Saviour's bloud.

Praiſe.

KIng of Comforts! King of life!
Thou haſt cheer'd me;
And when fears and doubts were riſe,
Thou haſt cleer'd me!

Not a nook in all my Breaſt
But thou fill'ſt it,
Not a thought, that breaks my reſt,
But thou kill'ſt it;

Wherefore with my utmoſt ſtrength
I will praiſe thee,
And as thou giv'ſt line and length
I will raiſe thee;

Day, and night, not once a day
I will bleſſe thee,

And my ſoul in new array
I will dreſſe thee;

Not one minute in the year
But I'll mind thee,
As my ſeal and bracelet here
I will bind thee;

In thy word, as if in heaven
I will reſt me,
And thy promiſe 'till made even
There ſhall feaſt me.

Then thy ſayings all my life
There ſhall pleaſe me,
And thy bloudy wounds, and ſtrife
They will eaſe me;

With thy grones my daily breath
I will meaſure,
And my life hid in thy death
I will treaſure.

Though then thou art
Paſt thought of heart
All perfect fulneſs,
And canſt no whit
Acceſſe admit
From duſt and dulneſs;

Yet to thy name,
As not the ſame
With thy bright Eſſence,
Our foul Clay hands

At thy Commands
Bring praiſe and Incenſe;

If then, dread Lord,
When to thy board
Thy wretch comes begging,
He hath a flowre
Or, to his pow'r,
Some ſuch poor Off'ring;

When thou haſt made
Thy begger glad,
And fill'd his boſome,
Let him, though poor,
Strow at thy door
That one poor Bloſſome.

Dreſſing.

Thou that loveſt a pure and whitend ſoul!
That feedſt among the Lillies, 'till the day
Break, and the ſhadows flee! touch with one Coal
My frozen heart! and with thy ſecret key

Open my deſolate rooms; my gloomie Breſt
With thy cleer fire refine, burning to duſt
Theſe dark Confuſions that within me neſt,
And ſoyl thy Temple with a ſinful ruſt.

Thou holy, harmleſs, undefil'd High-prieſt!
The perfect, full oblation for all ſin,
Whoſe glorious conqueſt nothing can reſiſt,
But even in babes doeſt triumph ſtill and win;

Give to thy wretched one
Thy myſticall *Communion*,
That, abſent, he may ſee,
Live, die, and riſe with thee;
Let him ſo follow here, that in the end
He may take thee, as thou doſt him intend.

Give him thy private ſeal,
Earneſt, and ſign! Thy gifts ſo deal
That theſe forerunners here
May make the future cleer!
Whatever thou doſt bid let faith make good,
Bread for thy body, and Wine for thy blood.

Give him, with pitty, love,
Two flowres that grew with thee above;
Love that ſhall not admit
Anger for one ſhort fit;
And pitty of ſuch a divine extent,
That may thy members, more than mine, reſent.

Give me, my God! thy grace,
The beams, and brightneſs of thy face;
That never like a beaſt
I take thy ſacred feaſt,
Or the dread myſteries of thy bleſt bloud
Uſe, with like Cuſtome, as my Kitchin food.

Some ſit to thee, and eat
Thy body as their Common meat;
O let not me do ſo!
Poor duſt ſhould ly ſtill low;
Then kneel, my ſoul and body, kneel and bow;
If *Saints* and *Angels* fall down, much more thou.

Eaſter-day.

THou, whoſe ſad heart and weeping head
lyes low,
Whoſe Cloudy breſt cold damps invade,
Who never feel'ſt the Sun, nor ſmooth'ſt
thy brow,
But ſitt'ſt oppreſſed in the ſhade,
Awake! awake!
And in his Reſurrection partake,
Who on this day, that thou might'ſt riſe as he,
Roſe up, and cancell'd two deaths due to thee.

Awake! awake! and, like the Sun, diſperſe
All miſts that would uſurp this day;
Where are thy Palmes, thy branches, and thy verſe?
Hoſanna! heark! why doeſt thou ſtay?
Ariſe! ariſe!
And with his healing bloud anoint thine Eyes,
Thy inward Eyes; his bloud will cure thy mind,
Whoſe ſpittle only could reſtore the blind.

Eaſter Hymn.

DEath, and darkneſs get you packing,
Nothing now to man is lacking;
All your triumphs now are ended,
And what *Adam* marr'd is mended;
Graves are beds now for the weary,
Death a nap, to wake more merry;

Youth now, full of pious duty,
Seeks in thee for perfect beauty;
The weak and aged tir'd with length
Of daies from thee look for new ſtrength;
And Infants with thy pangs Conteſt
As pleaſant, as if with the breſt.
Then, unto Him, who thus hath thrown
Even to Contempt thy kingdome down,
And by His blood did us advance
Unto His own Inheritance,
To Him be glory, power, praiſe,
From this, unto the laſt of daies!

The Holy Communion.

WElcome ſweet, ſacred feaſt! O welcome life!
Dead I was, and deep in trouble;
But grace and bleſſings came with thee ſo rife,
That they have quicken'd even drie ſtubble.
Thus ſoules their bodies animate,
And thus at firſt when things were rude,
Dark, void, and Crude,
They by thy Word their beauty had and date;
All were by thee,
And ſtill muſt be;
Nothing that is, or lives,
But hath his Quicknings, and reprieves,
As thy hand opes or ſhuts;
Healings, and Cuts,
Darkneſs, and day-light, life, and death

Are but meer leaves turn'd by thy breath.
Spirits without thee die,
And blackneſs ſits
On the divineſt wits,
As on the Sun Ecclipſes lie.
But that great darkneſs at thy death,
When the veyl broke with thy laſt breath,
Did make us ſee
The way to thee;
And now by theſe ſure, ſacred ties,
After thy blood
Our ſov'rain good,
Had clear'd our eies,
And given us ſight;
Thou doſt unto thy ſelf betroth
Our ſouls and bodies both
In everlaſting light.

Was't not enough that thou hadſt payd the price,
And given us eies
When we had none, but thou muſt alſo take
Us by the hand,
And keep us ſtill awake,
When we would ſleep,
Or from thee creep,
Who without thee cannot ſtand?

Was't not enough to loſe thy breath
And blood by an accurſed death,
But thou muſt alſo leave
To us, that did bereave
Thee of them both, theſe ſeals, the means
That ſhould both cleanſe
And keep us ſo,

Who wrought thy wo?
O roſe of *Sharon!* O the Lilly
Of the valley!
How art thou now, thy flock to keep,
Become both *food*, and *Shepheard* to thy ſheep!

Pſalm 121.

UP to thoſe bright and gladſome hills,
Whence flowes my weal and mirth,
I look, and ſigh for Him, who fills
Unſeen both heaven and earth.

He is alone my help and hope,
That I ſhall not be moved;
His watchful Eye is ever ope,
And guardeth His beloved;

The glorious God is my ſole ſtay,
He is my Sun and ſhade;
The cold by night, the heat by day,
Neither ſhall me invade.

He keeps me from the ſpite of foes;
Doth all their plots controul;
And is a ſhield, not reckoning thoſe,
Unto my very ſoul.

Whether abroad, amidſt the Crowd,
Or elſe within my door,
He is my Pillar and my Cloud,
Now and for evermore.

Affliction.

PEace, peace; It is not ſo. Thou doſt
miſcall
Thy Phyſick; Pills that change
Thy ſick Acceſſions into ſetled health;
This is the great *Elixir* that turns gall
To wine and ſweetneſs, Poverty to wealth,
And brings man home, when he doth range.
Did not he, who ordain'd the day,
Ordain night too?
And in the greater world diſplay
What in the leſſer He would do?
All fleſh is Clay, thou know'ſt; and but that God
Doth uſe his rod,
And by a fruitfull Change of froſts and ſhowres
Cheriſh and bind thy *pow'rs*,
Thou wouldſt to weeds and thiſtles quite diſperſe,
And be more wild than is thy verſe.
Sickneſs is wholſome, Croſſes are but curbs
To check the mule, unruly man;
They are heaven's huſbandry, the famous fan,
Purging the floor which Chaff diſturbs.
Were all the year one conſtant Sun-ſhine, wee
Should have no flowres;
All would be drought and leanneſs; not a tree
Would make us bowres.
Beauty conſiſts in colours; and that's beſt
Which is not fixt, but flies and flowes.
The ſettled *Red* is dull, and *whites* that reſt
Something of ſickneſs would diſcloſe.
Viciſſitude plaies all the game;

Nothing that ſtirrs,
Or hath a name,
But waits upon this wheel;
Kingdomes too have their Phyſick, and for ſteel
Exchange their peace and furrs.
Thus doth God *Key* diſorder'd man,
which none elſe can,
Tuning his breſt to riſe or fall;
And by a ſacred, needfull art
Like ſtrings, ſtretch ev'ry part
Making the whole moſt Muſicall.

The Tempeſt.

HOw is man parcell'd out? how every hour
Shews him himſelf, or ſomething he
ſhould ſee!
This late, long heat may his Inſtruction be;
And tempeſts have more in them than a ſhowr.

When nature on her boſome ſaw
Her Infants die,
And all her flowres wither'd to ſtraw,
Her breſts grown dry;
She made the Earth, their nurſe & tomb,
Sigh to the ſky,
'Till to thoſe ſighes fetch'd from her womb
Rain did reply;
So in the midſt of all her fears
And faint requeſts,
Her Earneſt ſighes procur'd her tears
And fill'd her breſts.

O that man could do ſo! that he would hear
The world read to him! all the vaſt expence
In the Creation ſhed, and ſlav'd to ſence
Makes up but lectures for his eie and ear.

Sure Mighty Love, foreſeeing the deſcent
Of this poor Creature, by a gracious art
Hid in theſe low things ſnares to gain his heart,
And layd ſurprizes in each Element.

All things here ſhew him heaven; *waters* that fall,
Chide and fly up; *Miſts* of corrupteſt foam
Quit their firſt beds & mount; trees, herbs,
flowres, all
Strive upwards ſtill, and point him the way home.

How do they caſt off groſſneſs? only *Earth*,
And *Man* like *Iſſachar* in lodes delight,
Water's refin'd to *Motion*, Aire to *Light*,
Fire to all* three, but man hath no ſuch mirth.

Plants in the *root* with Earth do moſt Comply,
Their *Leafs* with water and humiditie,
The *Flowres* to air draw neer and ſubtiltie,
And *ſeeds* a kindred fire have with the ſky.

All have their *keyes* and ſet *aſcents*; but man
Though he knows theſe, and hath more of his
own,
Sleeps at the ladder's foot; alas! what can
Theſe new diſcoveries do, except they drown?

Thus, groveling in the ſhade and darkneſs, he
Sinks to a dead oblivion; and though all

* *Light, Motion, heat.*

He ſees, like *Pyramids*, ſhoot from this ball
And leſſ'ning ſtill grow up inviſibly,

Yet hugs he ſtill his durt; The *ſtuffe* he wears,
And painted trimming takes down both his eies;
Heaven hath leſs beauty than the duſt he ſpies,
And money better muſick than the *Spheres*.

Life's but a blaſt; he knows it; what? ſhall ſtraw,
And bul-ruſh-fetters temper his ſhort hour?
Muſt he nor ſip nor ſing? grows ne'r a flowr
To crown his temples? ſhall dreams be his law?

O fooliſh man! how haſt thou loſt thy ſight?
How is it that the Sun to thee alone
Is grown thick darkneſs, and thy bread a ſtone?
Hath fleſh no ſoftneſs now? mid-day no light?

Lord! thou didſt put a ſoul here. If I muſt
Be broke again, for flints will give no fire
Without a ſteel, O let thy power cleer
Thy gift once more, and grind this flint to duſt!

Retirement.

WHo on yon throne of Azure ſits,
Keeping cloſe houſe
Above the morning-ſtarre,
Whoſe meaner ſhowes,
And outward utenſils theſe glories are,
That ſhine and ſhare
Part of his manſion; He one day,
When I went quite aſtray,

Out of meer love,
By his mild Dove,
Did ſhew me home, and put me in the way.

2.

Let it ſuffice at length thy fits
And luſts, ſaid he,
Have had their wiſh, and way;
Preſſe not to be
Still thy own foe, and mine; for to this day
I did delay,
And would not ſee, but choſe to wink;
Nay, at the very brink
And edge of all,
When thou wouldſt fall,
My *love-twiſt* held thee up, my *unſeen link*.

3.

I know thee well; for I have fram'd,
And hate thee not;
Thy ſpirit too is mine;
I know thy lot,
Extent, and end, for my hands drew the line
Aſſigned thine;
If then thou would'ſt unto my ſeat,
'Tis not th' applauſe and feat
Of duſt and clay
Leads to that way,
But from thoſe follies a reſolv'd Retreat.

4.

Now here below where yet untam'd
Thou doſt thus rove,
I have a houſe as well
As there above;

In it my *Name* and *honour* both do dwell;
And ſhall untill
I make all new; there nothing gay
In perfumes or Array,
Duſt lies with duſt,
And hath but juſt
The ſame Reſpect and room with ev'ry clay.

5.

A faithfull ſchool, where thou maiſt ſee,
In Heraldrie
Of ſtones and ſpeechleſs Earth,
Thy true deſcent;
Where dead men preach, who can turn feaſts and mirth
To funerals and *Lent*.
There duſt, that out of doors might fill
Thy eies, and blind thee ſtill,
Is faſt aſleep.
Up then, and keep
Within thoſe doors, my doors. Doſt hear? *I will.*

Love, and Diſcipline.

SInce in a land not barren ſtill,
Becauſe thou doſt thy grace diſtill,
My lot is faln, Bleſt be thy will!

And ſince theſe biting froſts but kill
Some tares in me which choke or ſpill
That ſeed thou ſow'ſt, Bleſt be thy ſkill!

Bleſt be thy Dew, and bleſt thy froſt,
And happy I to be ſo croſt,
And cur'd by Croſſes at thy coſt.

The Dew doth Cheer what is diſtreſt,
The froſts ill weeds nip and moleſt,
In both thou work'ſt unto the beſt.

Thus while thy ſev'ral mercies plot,
And work on me now cold now hot,
The work goes on, and ſlacketh not;

For as thy hand the weather ſteers,
So thrive I beſt 'twixt joyes and tears,
And all the year have ſome grean Ears.

The Pilgrimage.

AS travellours when the twilight's come,
And in the ſky the ſtars appear,
The paſt daies accidents do ſumme
With, *Thus wee ſaw there, and thus here.*

Then *Jacob*-like lodge in a place,
A place, and no more, is ſet down,
Where till the day reſtore the race
They reſt and dream homes of their own.

So for this night I linger here,
And full of toſſings to and fro,
Expect ſtill when thou wilt appear,
That I may get me up, and go.

I long and grone and grieve for thee,
For thee my words, my tears do guſh;
O that I were but where I ſee!
Is all the note within my Buſh.

As Birds robb'd of their native wood,
Although their Diet may be fine,
Yet neither ſing, nor like their food,
But with the thought of home do pine;

So do I mourn, and hang my head;
And though thou doſt me fullnes give,
Yet look I for far better bread,
Becauſe by this man cannot live.

O feed me then! and ſince I may
Have yet more days, more nights to Count,
So ſtrengthen me, Lord, all the way,
That I may travel to thy Mount.

Heb. Cap. xi. ver. 13.

And they Confeſſed, that they were ſtrangers, and Pilgrims on the earth.

The Law, and the Goſpel.

LOrd, when thou didſt on *Sinai* pitch,
And ſhine from *Paran*, when a firie Law,
Pronounc'd with thunder and thy threats, did thaw
Thy People's hearts, when all thy weeds were rich,
And Inacceſſible for light,
Terrour, and might;—

How did poor fleſh, which after thou didſt weare,
Then faint and fear!
Thy Choſen flock, like leafs in a high wind,
Whiſper'd obedience, and their heads Inclin'd.

2.

But now ſince we to *Sion* came,
And through thy bloud thy glory ſee,
With filial Confidence we touch ev'n thee;
And where the other mount, all clad in flame
And threatning Clouds, would not ſo much
As 'bide the touch,
We Climb up this, and have too all the way
Thy hand our ſtay;
Nay, thou tak'ſt ours, and, which full Comfort brings,
Thy Dove too bears us on her ſacred wings.

3.

Yet ſince man is a very brute,
And after all thy Acts of grace doth kick,
Slighting that health thou gav'ſt when he was ſick,
Be not diſpleas'd, if I, who have a ſute
To thee each houre, beg at thy door
For this one more;
O plant in me thy *Goſpel*, and thy *Law*,
Both *Faith*, and *Awe*;
So twiſt them in my heart, that ever there
I may as well as *Love*, find too thy *fear!*

4.

Let me not ſpill, but drink thy bloud;
Not break thy fence, and by a black Exceſs
Force down a Juſt Curſe, when thy hands would bleſs;
Let me not ſcatter and deſpiſe my food,

Or nail thoſe bleſſed limbs again
Which bore my pain.
So Shall thy mercies flow: for while I fear,
I know thoul't bear,
But ſhould thy mild Injunction nothing move me,
I would both think and judge I did not love thee.

John Cap. 14. ver. 15.
If ye love me, keep my Commandments.

The World.

I Saw Eternity the other night
Like a great *Ring* of pure and endleſs light,
All calm, as it was bright;
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
Driv'n by the ſpheres
Like a vaſt ſhadow mov'd, In which the world
And all her train were hurl'd.
The doting Lover in his queinteſt ſtrain
Did there Complain;
Neer him, his Lute, his fancy, and his flights,
Wit's ſour delights;
With gloves, and knots the ſilly ſnares of pleaſure,
Yet his dear Treaſure,
All ſcatter'd lay, while he his eyes did pour
Upon a flowr.

2.

The darkſome States-man hung with weights and woe,
Like a thick midnight-fog, mov'd there ſo ſlow,
He did nor ſtay, nor go;
Condemning thoughts like ſad Eccliſes ſcowl

Upon his ſoul,
And Clouds of crying witneſſes without
Purſued him with one ſhout.
Yet digg'd the Mole, and, leſt his ways be found,
Workt under ground,
Where he did Clutch his prey; but one did ſee
That policie;
Churches and altars fed him; Perjuries
Were gnats and flies;
It rain'd about him bloud and tears; but he
Drank them as free.

3.

The fearfull miſer on a heap of ruſt
Sate pining all his life there, did ſcarce truſt
His own hands with the duſt,
Yet would not place one peece above, but lives
In feare of theeves.
Thouſands there were as frantick as himſelf,
And hugg'd each one his pelf;
The down-right Epicure plac'd heav'n in ſenſe,
And ſcorn'd pretence;
While others, ſlipt into a wide Exceſſe,
Said little leſſe;
The weaker ſort ſlight, triviall wares Inſlave,
Who think them brave,
And poor, deſpiſed truth ſate Counting by
Their victory.

4.

Yet ſome, who all this while did weep and ſing,
And ſing and weep, ſoar'd up into the *Ring;*
But moſt would uſe no wing.
O fools, ſaid I, thus to prefer dark night

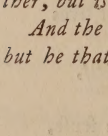
Before true light!
To live in grots and caves, and hate the day
Becauſe it ſhews the way,
The way, which from this dead and dark abode
Leads up to God,
A way where you might tread the Sun, and be
More bright than he!
But as I did their madnes ſo diſcuſſe
One whiſper'd thus,
This Ring the Bride-groome did for none provide,
But for his bride.

John Cap. 2. ver. 16, 17.

All that is in the world, the luſt of the fleſh, the luſt of the Eye, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world.

And the world paſſeth away, and the luſts thereof; but he that doth the will of God abideth for ever.

The Mutinie.



Weary of this ſame Clay and ſtraw I laid
Me down to breathe, and caſting in my heart
The after-burthens and griefs yet to come,
The heavy ſum
So ſhook my breſt, that ſick and ſore diſmai'd,
My thoughts, like water, which ſome ſtone doth ſtart,
Did quit their troubled Channel, and retire
Unto the banks, where, ſtorming at thoſe bounds,
They murmur'd ſore; But I, who felt them boyl

And knew their Coyl,
Turning to him, who made poor ſand to tire
And tame proud waves, If yet theſe barren grounds
And thirſtie brick muſt be, ſaid I,
My taſke and Deſtinie,

2.

Let me ſo ſtrive and ſtruggle with thy foes,
(Not thine alone, but mine too,) that when all
Their Arts and force are built unto the height,
That Babel-weight
May prove thy glory, and their ſhame; ſo Cloſe
And knit me to thee, That though in this vale
Of ſin and death I ſojourn, yet one Eie
May look to thee, To thee the finiſher
And Author of my faith; ſo ſhew me home,
That all this foam
And frothie noiſe, which up and down doth flie,
May find no lodging in mine Eie or Eare;
O ſeal them up! that theſe may flie
Like other tempeſts by.

3.

Not but I know thou haſt a ſhorter Cut
To bring me home, than through a wildernes,
A Sea, or Sands, and Serpents; Yet ſince thou,
As thy words ſhow,
Though in this deſart I were wholy ſhut,
Canſt light and lead me there with ſuch redreſs
That no decay ſhal touch me; O be pleas'd
To fix my ſteps; and whatſoever path
Thy ſacred and eternall will decreed
For thy bruis'd reed,
O give it full obedience, that ſo ſeiz'd
Of all I have, I may nor move thy wrath

Nor grieve thy *Dove*, but ſoft and mild
Both live and die thy Child.

Revel. Cap. 2. ver. 17.

To him that overcometh wil I give to eate of the hidden Manna; *and I will give him a white ſtone, and in the ſtone a new name written, which no man knoweth, ſaving he that receiveth it.*

The Conſtellation.

Air, ordered lights, whoſe motion without noiſe
Reſembles thoſe true Joys,
Whoſe ſpring is on that hill, where you do grow,
And we here taſte ſometimes below,

With what exact obedience do you move
Now beneath, and now above!
And in your vaſt progreſſions overlook
The darkeſt night, and cloſeſt nook!

Some nights I ſee you in the gladſome Eaſt,
Some others near the Weſt,
And when I cannot ſee, yet do you ſhine,
And beat about your endles line.

Silence and light and watchfulnes with you
Attend and wind the Clue;
No ſleep nor ſloth aſſailes you, but poor man
Still either ſleeps, or ſlips his ſpan.

He gropes beneath here, and with reſtleſs Care,
Firſt makes, then hugs a ſnare;
Adores dead duſt, ſets heart on Corne and graſs,
But ſeldom doth make heav'n his glaſs.

Muſick and mirth, if there be muſick here,
Take up, and tune his year;
Theſe things are Kin to him, and muſt be had,
Who kneels, or ſighs a life, is mad.

Perhaps ſome nights he'll watch with you, and peep
When it were beſt to ſleep;
Dares know Effects, and Judge them long before,
When th' herb he treads knows much, much more.

But ſeeks he your *Obedience, Order, Light,*
Your calm and wel-train'd flight,
Where, though the glory differ in each ſtar,
Yet is there peace ſtill and no war.

Since plac'd by Him, who calls you by your names,
And fixt there all your flames,
Without Command you never acted ought,
And then you in your courſes fought.

But here Commiſſion'd by a black ſelf-will
The ſons the father kill,
The Children Chaſe the mother, and would heal
The wounds they give by crying zeale.

Then Caſt her bloud and tears upon thy book,
Where they for faſhion look;
And, like that Lamb, which had the Dragon's voice,
Seem mild, but are known by their noiſe.

Thus by our luſts diſorder'd into wars
Our guides prove wandring ſtars,
Which for theſe miſts and black days were reſerv'd,
What time we from our firſt love ſwerv'd.

Yet O for his ſake who ſits now by thee
All crown'd with victory,
So guide us through this Darknes, that we may
Be more and more in love with day!

Settle and fix our hearts, that we may move
In order, peace, and love;
And taught obedience by thy whole Creation,
Become an humble, holy nation!

Give to thy ſpouſe her perfect and pure dreſs,
Beauty and *holineſs;*
And ſo repair theſe Rents, that men may ſee
And ſay, *Where God is, all agree.*

The Shepheards.

SWeet, harmleſs lives! on whoſe holy leiſure
Waits Innocence and pleaſure,
Whoſe leaders to thoſe paſtures and cleer ſprings
Were *Patriarchs*, Saints, and Kings;
How happend it that in the dead of night
You only ſaw true light,
While *Paleſtine* was faſt aſleep, and lay
Without one thought of Day?
Was it becauſe thoſe firſt and bleſſed ſwains
Were pilgrims on thoſe plains,

When they receiv'd the promiſe, for which now
'Twas there firſt ſhown to you?
'Tis true, he loves that Duſt whereon they go
That ſerve him here below,
And therefore might for memory of thoſe
His love there firſt diſcloſe;
But wretched *Salem* once his love, muſt now
No voice nor viſion know,
Her ſtately Piles with all their height and pride
Now languiſhed and died,
And *Bethlem's* humble Cotts above them ſtept,
While all her Seers ſlept;
Her Cedar, firr, hew'd ſtones, and gold were all
Polluted through their fall,
And thoſe once ſacred manſions were now
Meer emptineſs and ſhow.
This made the Angel call at reeds and thatch,
Yet where the ſhepheards watch,
And God's own lodging, though he could not lack,
To be a common *Kack;*
No coſtly pride, no ſoft-cloath'd luxurie,
In thoſe thin Cels could lie;
Each ſtirring wind and ſtorm blew through their Cots,
Which never harbour'd plots;
Only Content and love and humble joys
Lived there without all noiſe;
Perhaps ſome harmleſs Cares for the next day
Did in their boſomes play,
As where to lead their ſheep, what ſilent nook,
What ſprings or ſhades to look;
But that was all; And now with gladſome care
They for the town prepare;
They leave their flock, and in a buſie talk
All towards *Bethlem* walk

To ſee their ſoul's great ſhepheard, who was come,
To bring all ſtraglers home;
Where now they find him out, and, taught before,
That Lamb of God adore,
That Lamb whoſe daies great Kings and Prophets
And long'd to ſee, but miſſ'd. [wiſh'd
The firſt light they beheld was bright and gay,
And turn'd their night to day;
But to this later light they ſaw in him,
Their day was dark and dim.

Miſery.

LOrd, bind me up, and let me lye
A Pris'ner to my libertie,
If ſuch a ſtate at all can be
As an Impris'ment ſerving thee;
The wind, though gather'd in thy fiſt,
Yet doth it blow ſtill where it liſt,
And yet ſhouldſt thou let go thy hold
Thoſe guſts might quarrel and grow bold.
As waters here, headlong and looſe,
The lower grounds ſtill chaſe and chooſe,
Where ſpreading all the way they ſeek
And ſearch out every hole and Creek;
So my ſpilt thoughts, winding from thee,
Take the down-rode to vanitie,
Where they all ſtray and ſtrive, which ſhall
Find out the firſt and ſteepeſt fall.
I cheer their flow, giving ſupply
To what's already grown too high,
And having thus perform'd that part

Feed on thoſe vomits of my heart.
I break the fence my own hands made,
Then lay that treſpaſſe in the ſhade;
Some fig-leafs ſtil I do deviſe,
As if thou hadſt nor ears nor Eyes.
Exceſſe of friends, of words, and wine
Take up my day, while thou doſt ſhine
All unregarded, and thy book
Hath not ſo much as one poor look.
If thou ſteal in amidſt the mirth
And kindly tell me, *I am Earth*,
I ſhut thee out, and let that ſlip,
Such Muſick ſpoils good fellowſhip.
Thus wretched I and moſt unkind,
Exclude my dear God from my mind,
Exclude him thence, who of that Cell
Would make a Court, ſhould he there dwell.
He goes, He yields; And troubled ſore
His Holy Spirit grieves therefore;
The mighty God, th' eternal King
Doth grieve for Duſt, and Duſt doth ſing.
But I go on, haſte to Diveſt
My ſelf of reaſon, till oppreſt
And buried in my ſurfeits I
Prove my own ſhame and miſerie.
Next day I call and cry for thee
Who ſhouldſt not then come neer to me;
But now it is thy ſervant's pleaſure
Thou muſt and doſt give him his meaſure.
Thou doſt, thou com'ſt, and in a ſhower
Of healing ſweets thy ſelf doſt pour
Into my wounds; and now thy grace
(I know it well,) fills all the place;
I ſit with thee by this new light,

And for that hour thou'rt my delight;
No man can more the world deſpiſe,
Or thy great mercies better prize.
I School my Eyes, and ſtrictly dwell
Within the Circle of my Cell;
That Calm and ſilence are my Joys,
Which to thy peace are but meer noiſe.
At length I feel my head to ake,
My fingers Itch, and burn to take
Some new Imployment, I begin
To ſwell and foame and fret within.
" *The Age, the preſent times are not*
" *To ſnudge in, and embrace a Cot;*
" *Action and bloud now get the game,*
" *Diſdein treads on the peaceful name;*
" *Who ſits at home too bears a loade*
" *Greater than thoſe that gad abroad.*"
Thus do I make thy gifts giv'n me
The only quarrellers with thee;
I'd looſe thoſe knots thy hands did tie,
Then would go travel, fight, or die.
Thouſands of wild and waſte Infuſions
Like waves beat on my reſolutions;
As flames about their fuel run,
And work and wind till all be done,
So my fierce ſoul buſtles about,
And never reſts till all be out.
Thus wilded by a peeviſh heart,
Which in thy muſick bears no part,
I ſtorm at thee, calling my peace
A Lethargy, and meer diſeaſe;
Nay thoſe bright beams ſhot from thy eyes
To calm me in theſe mutinies,
I ſtile meer tempers, which take place

At ſome ſet times, but are thy grace.
Such is man's life, and ſuch is mine,
The worſt of men, and yet ſtill thine,
Still thine, thou know'ſt, and if not ſo,
Then give me over to my foe.
Yet ſince as eaſie 'tis for thee
To make man good as bid him be,
And with one glaunce, could he that gain,
To look him out of all his pain,
O ſend me from thy holy hill
So much of ſtrength, as may fulfil
All thy delights whate'er they be,
And ſacred Inſtitutes in me!
Open my rockie heart, and fill
It with obedience to thy will;
Then ſeal it up, that as none ſee,
So none may enter there but thee.
O hear, my God! hear Him, whoſe bloud
Speaks more and better for my good!
O let my Crie come to thy throne!
My crie not pour'd with tears alone,
(For tears alone are often foul,)
But with the bloud of all my ſoul;
With ſpirit-ſighs, and earneſt grones,
Faithful and moſt repenting mones,
With theſe I crie, and crying pine,
Till thou both mend, and make me thine.

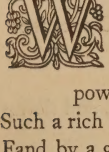
The Sap.

COme, ſapleſs Bloſſom, creep not ſtill on Earth
Forgetting thy firſt birth!
'Tis not from duſt; or if ſo, why doſt thou

Thus call and thirſt for dew?
It tends not thither; if it doth, why then
This growth and ſtretch for heav'n?
Thy root ſucks but diſeaſes; worms there ſeat,
And claim it for their meat.
Who plac'd thee here did ſomething then Infuſe,
Which now can tell thee news.
There is beyond the Stars an hill of myrrh,
From which ſome drops fall here;
On it the Prince of *Salem* ſits, who deals
To thee thy ſecret meals;
There is thy Country, and He is the way,
And hath withal the key.
Yet liv'd He here ſometimes, and bore for thee
A world of miſerie,
For thee, who in the firſt man's loyns didſt fall
From that hill to this vale;
And had not he ſo done, it is moſt true
Two deaths had been thy due;
But going hence, and knowing well what woes
Might his friends diſcompoſe,
To ſhew what ſtrange love He had to our good,
He gave his ſacred bloud,
By will our ſap and Cordial; now in this
Lies ſuch a heav'n of bliſs,
That who but truly taſtes it, no decay
Can touch him any way.
Such ſecret life and vertue in it lies,
It will exalt, and riſe,
And actuate ſuch ſpirits as are ſhed,
Or ready to be dead;
And bring new too. Get then this ſap, and get
Good ſtore of it, but let
The veſſel where you put it be for ſure

To all your pow'r moſt pure;
There is at all times, though ſhut up, in you
A powerful, rare dew,
Which only grief and love extract; with this
Be ſure, and never miſs,
To waſh your veſſel well: Then humbly take
This balm for ſouls that ake;
And one who drank it thus aſſures that you
Shal find a Joy ſo true,
Such perfect Eaſe, and ſuch a lively ſenſe
Of grace againſt all ſins,
That you'll Confeſs the Comfort ſuch, as even
Brings to, and comes from, Heaven.

Mount of Olives.



Hen firſt I ſaw true beauty, and thy Joys
Active as light, and calm without all noiſe,
Shin'd on my ſoul, I felt through all my powr's
Such a rich air of ſweets, as Evening ſhowrs
Fand by a gentle gale Convey, and breathe
On ſome parch'd bank, crown'd with a flowrie wreath;
Odors, and Myrrh, and balm in one rich floud
O'r-ran my heart, and ſpirited my bloud;
My thoughts did ſwim in Comforts, and mine eie
Confeſt, *The world did only paint and lie.*
And where before I did no ſafe Courſe ſteer,
But wander'd under tempeſts all the year;
Went bleak and bare in body as in mind,
And was blow'n through by every ſtorm and wind,

I am ſo warm'd now by this glance on me,
That midſt all ſtorms I feel a Ray of thee.
So have I known ſome beauteous *Paiſage* riſe
In ſuddain flowres and arbours to my Eies,
And in the depth and dead of winter bring
To my Cold thoughts a lively ſenſe of ſpring.
Thus fed by thee, who doſt all beings nouriſh,
My wither'd leafs again look green and flouriſh;
I ſhine and ſhelter underneath thy wing,
Where ſick with love I ſtrive thy name to ſing;
Thy glorious name! which grant I may ſo do,
That theſe may be *thy Praiſe*, and *my Joy* too!

Man.

WEighing the ſtedfaſtneſs and ſtate
Of ſome mean things which here below reſide,
Where birds like watchful Clocks the noiſeleſs date
And Intercourſe of times divide,
Where Bees at night get home and hive, and flowrs,
Early as well as late,
Riſe with the Sun, and ſet in the ſame bowrs;

2.

I would, ſaid I, my God would give
The ſtaidneſs of theſe things to man! for theſe
To His divine appointments ever cleave,
And no new buſineſs breaks their peace;
The birds nor ſow nor reap, yet ſup and dine,
The flowres without clothes live,
Yet *Solomon* was never dreſt ſo fine.

3.

Man hath ſtill either toyes or Care;
He hath no root, nor to one place is ty'd,
But ever reſtleſs and Irregular
About this Earth doth run and ride.
He knows he hath a home, but ſcarce knows where;
He ſayes it is ſo far,
That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

4.

He knocks at all doors, ſtrays and roams;
Nay hath not ſo much wit as ſome ſtones have,
Which in the darkeſt nights point to their homes
By ſome hid ſenſe their Maker gave;
Man is the ſhuttle, to whoſe winding queſt
And paſſage through theſe looms
God order'd motion, but ordain'd no reſt.

¶

Walkt the other day, to ſpend my hour,
Into a field,
Where I ſometimes had ſeen the ſoil to yield
A gallant flowre;
But Winter now had ruffled all the bowre
And curious ſtore
I knew there heretofore.

2.

Yet I, whoſe ſearch lov'd not to peep and peer
I'th' face of things,

Thought with my ſelf, there might be other ſprings
Beſides this here,
Which, like cold friends, ſees us but once a year;
And ſo the flowre
Might have ſome other bowre.

3.

Then taking up what I could neereſt ſpie,
I digg'd about
That place where I had ſeen him to grow out;
And by and by
I ſaw the warm Recluſe alone to lie,
Where freſh and green
He lived of us unſeen.

4.

Many a queſtion Intricate and rare
Did I there ſtrow;
But all I could extort was, that he now
Did there repair
Such loſſes as befel him in this air,
And would ere long
Come forth moſt fair and young.

5.

This paſt, I threw the Clothes quite o'er his head;
And ſtung with fear
Of my own frailty dropt down many a tear
Upon his bed;
Then ſighing whiſper'd, *Happy are the dead!*
What peace doth now
Rock him aſleep below!

6.

And yet, how few believe ſuch doctrine ſprings
From a poor root,

Which all the Winter ſleeps here under foot,
And hath no wings
To raiſe it to the truth and light of things;
But is ſtil trod
By ev'ry wandring clod.

7.

O Thou! whoſe ſpirit did at firſt inflame
And warm the dead,
And by a ſacred Incubation fed
With life this frame,
Which once had neither being, forme, nor name;
Grant I may ſo
Thy ſteps track here below,

8.

That in theſe Maſques and ſhadows I may ſee
Thy ſacred way;
And by thoſe hid aſcents climb to that day,
Which breaks from Thee,
Who art in all things, though invifibly!
Shew me thy peace,
Thy mercy, love, and eaſe!

9.

And from this Care, where dreams and ſorrows raign,
Lead me above,
Where Light, Joy, Leiſure, and true Comforts move
Without all pain;
There, hid in thee, ſhew me his life again,
At whoſe dumbe urn
Thus all the year I mourn!

Begging.

KIng of Mercy, King of Love,
In whom I live, in whom I move,
Perfect what thou haſt begun,
Let no night put out this Sun.
Grant I may, my chief deſire,
Long for thee, to thee aſpire!
Let my youth, my bloom of dayes
Be my Comfort, and thy praiſe;
That hereafter, when I look
O'er the ſullyed, ſinful book,
I may find thy hand therein
Wiping out my ſhame and ſin!
O it is thy only Art
To reduce a ſtubborn heart;
And ſince thine is victorie,
Strong holds ſhould belong to thee;
Lord, then take it, leave it not
Unto my diſpoſe or lot;
But ſince I would not have it mine,
O my God, let it be thine!

Jude ver. 24, 25.

Now unto him that is able to keep us from falling, and to preſent us faultleſs before the preſence of his glory with exceeding joy,
To the only wiſe God, our Saviour, be glory, and majeſty, Dominion and power, now and ever, Amen.

End of the First Part.

SILEX SCINTILLANS.

PART II.

Silex Scintillans, &c.

Aſcenſion-day.

LOrd Jeſus! with what ſweetneſs and delights,
Sure, holy hopes, high joys, and quickning flights,
Doſt thou feed thine! O thou! the hand that lifts
To him who gives all good and perfect gifts,
Thy glorious, bright Aſcenſion, though remov'd
So many Ages from me, is ſo prov'd
And by thy Spirit ſeal'd to me, that I
Feel me a ſharer in thy victory!
I ſoar and riſe
Up to the ſkies,
Leaving the world their day;
And in my flight
For the true light
Go ſeeking all the way;
I greet thy Sepulchre, ſalute thy Grave,
That bleſt incloſure, where the Angels gave
The firſt glad tidings of thy early light,
And reſurrection from the earth and night.
I ſee that morning in thy * Convert's tears,

* *St. Mary Magdalene.*

Freſh as the dew, which but this dawning wears.
I ſmell her ſpices; and her ointment yields,
As rich a ſcent as the now Primros'd-fields.
The Day-ſtar ſmiles, and light with the deceaſt
Now ſhines in all the Chambers of the Eaſt.
What ſtirs, what poſting intercourſe and mirth
Of Saints and Angels glorifie the earth?
What ſighs, what whiſpers, buſie ſtops and ſtays;
Private and holy talk fill all the ways?
They paſs as at the laſt great day, and run
In their white robes to ſeek the riſen Sun;
I ſee them, hear them, mark their haſte, and move
Amongſt them, with them, wing'd with faith and love.
Thy forty days more ſecret commerce here
After thy death and Funeral, ſo clear
And indiſputable, ſhews to my ſight
As the Sun doth, which to thoſe days gave light.
I walk the fields of *Bethany*, which ſhine
All now as freſh as *Eden*, and as fine.
Such was the bright world on the firſt ſeventh day,
Before man brought forth ſin, and ſin decay;
When like a Virgin clad in *Flowers* and *green*
The pure earth ſat, and the fair woods had ſeen
No froſt, but flouriſh'd in that youthful veſt,
With which their great Creator had them dreſt:
When Heav'n above them ſhin'd like molten glaſs,
While all the Planets did unclouded paſs;
And Springs, like diſſolv'd Pearls their Streams did pour
Ne'er marr'd with floods, nor angered with a ſhowre.
With theſe fair thoughts I move in this fair place,
And the laſt ſteps of my milde Maſter trace.
I ſee Him leading out his choſen Train
All ſad with tears, which like warm Summer rain
In ſilent drops ſteal from their holy eyes,

Fix'd lately on the Croſs, now on the ſkies.
And now, eternal Jeſus! thou doſt heave
Thy bleſſed hands to bleſs thoſe thou doſt leave.
The cloud doth now receive thee, and their ſight
Having loſt thee, behold two men in white!
Two and no more: *what two atteſt is true,*
Was thine own anſwer to the ſtubborn Jew.
Come then, thou faithful witneſs! come, dear Lord,
Upon the Clouds again to judge this world!

Aſcenſion-Hymn.

DUſt and clay,
Man's antient wear,
Here you muſt ſtay,
But I elſewhere!
Souls ſojourn here, but may not reſt;
Who will aſcend muſt be undreſt.

And yet ſome,
That know to die
Before death come,
Walk to the ſkie
Even in this life; but all ſuch can
Leave behinde them the old Man.

If a ſtar
Should leave the Sphære,
She muſt firſt mar
Her flaming wear,
And after fall, for in her dreſs
Of glory, ſhe cannot tranſgreſs.

Man of old
Within the line
Of *Eden* could
Like the Sun ſhine,
All naked, innocent and bright,
And intimate with Heav'n, as light;

But ſince he
That brightneſs ſoil'd,
His garments be
All dark and ſpoil'd,
And here are left as nothing worth,
Till the Refiner's fire breaks forth.

Then comes he!
Whoſe mighty light
Made his cloathes be
Like Heav'n all bright;
The Fuller, whoſe pure blood did flow,
To make ſtain'd man more white than ſnow.

Hee alone
And none elſe can
Bring bone to bone
And rebuild man;
And by his all-ſubduing might
Make clay aſcend more quick than light.

¶

THey are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone ſit lingring here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my ſad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breſt
Like ſtars upon ſome gloomy grove,
Or thoſe faint beams in which this hill is dreſt
After the Sun's remove.

I ſee them walking in an Air of glory,
Whoſe light doth trample on my days;
My days, which are at beſt but dull and hoary,
Meer glimering and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility!
High as the Heavens above!
Theſe are your walks, and you have ſhew'd them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death; the Jewel of the Juſt!
Shining no where but in the dark;
What myſteries do lie beyond thy duſt,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found ſome fledg'd bird's neſt may know
At firſt ſight if the bird be flown;
But what fair Dell or Grove he ſings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as Angels in ſome brighter dreams
Call to the ſoul when man doth ſleep,
So ſome ſtrange thoughts tranſcend our wonted theams,
And into glory peep.

If a ſtar were confin'd into a Tomb,
Her captive flames muſt needs burn there;
But when the hand that lockt her up gives room,
She'll ſhine through all the ſphære.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee!
Reſume thy ſpirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty!

Either diſperſe theſe miſts, which blot and fill
My perſpective ſtill as they paſs;
Or elſe remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I ſhall need no glaſs.

White Sunday.

WEllcome, white day! a thouſand Suns,
Though ſeen at once, were black to thee!
For after their light darkneſs comes;
But thine ſhines to eternity.

Thoſe flames, which on the Apoſtles ruſh'd
At this great feaſt, and in a tyre
Of cloven Tongues their heads all bruſh'd,
And crown'd them with Prophetic fire,—

Can theſe new lights be like to thoſe,
Theſe lights of Serpents like the Dove?
Thou hadſt no *gall* ev'n for thy foes,
And thy two wings were *Grief* and *Love*.

Though then ſome boaſt that fire each day,
And on Chriſt's coat pin all their ſhreds;
Not ſparing openly to ſay,
His candle ſhines upon their heads;

Yet while ſome rays of that great light
Shine here below within thy Book,

They never ſhall ſo blinde my ſight
But I will know which way to look.

For though thou doeſt that great light lock,
And by this leſſer commerce keep:
Yet by theſe glances of the flock
I can diſcern Wolves from the Sheep.

Not but that I have wiſhes too,
And pray, *Theſe laſt may be as firſt,*
Or better; but thou long ago
Haſt ſaid, *Theſe laſt ſhould be the worſt.*

Beſides, thy method with thy own,
Thy own dear people, pens our times;
Our ſtories are in theirs ſet down,
And penalties ſpread to our Crimes.

Again, if worſt and worſt implies
A State that no redreſs admits,
Then from thy Croſs unto theſe days
The *rule* without *Exception* fits.

And yet, as in night's gloomy page
One ſilent ſtar may interline;
So in this laſt and lewdeſt age
Thy antient love on ſome may ſhine.

For though we hourly breathe decays,
And our beſt *note* and higheſt *eaſe*
Is but meer changing of the *keys*,
And a *Conſumption* that doth pleaſe;

Yet thou the great eternal Rock
Whoſe height above all ages ſhines,

Art ſtill the ſame, and canſt unlock
Thy waters to a ſoul that pines.

Since then thou art the ſame this day
And ever as thou wert of old,
And nothing doth thy love allay,
But our heart's dead and ſinful cold;

As thou long ſince wert pleas'd to buy
Our drown'd eſtate, taking the Curſe
Upon thy ſelf, ſo to deſtroy
The knots we tyed upon thy purſe,

So let thy grace now make the way
Even for thy love; for by that means
We, who are nothing but foul clay,
Shall be fine gold which thou didſt cleanſe.

O come! refine us with thy fire!
Refine us! we are at a loſs.
Let not thy ſtars for *Balaam's* hire
Diſſolve into the common droſs!

The Proffer.

BE ſtill, black Paraſites,
Flutter no more;
Were it ſtill winter, as it was before,
You'd make no flights;
But now the dew and Sun have warm'd my bowres,
You flie and flock to ſuck the flowers.

But you would honey make:
Theſe buds will wither,

And what you now extract, in harder weather
Will ſerve to take;
Wiſe huſbands will, you ſay, their wants prevent,
Who do not ſo too late repent.

O poyſonous, ſubtile fowls!
The flyes of hell,
That buz in every ear, and blow on ſouls,
Until they ſmell,
And rot, deſcend not here, nor think to ſtay!
I've read, who 'twas drove you away.

Think you theſe longing eyes,
Though ſick and ſpent,
And almoſt famiſh'd, ever will conſent
To leave thoſe ſkies,
That glaſs of ſouls and ſpirits, where well dreſt
They ſhine in white, like ſtars, and reſt.

Shall my ſhort hour, my inch,
My one poor ſand,
And crum of life now ready to diſband,
Revolt and flinch;
And having born the burthen all the day,
Now caſt at night my Crown away?

No, No; I am not he;
Go ſeek elſewhere!
I ſkill not your fine tinſel, and falſe hair,
Your Sorcery,
And ſmooth ſeducements: I'le not ſtuff my ſtory
With your poor Commonwealth and glory.

There are that will ſow tares
And ſcatter death

Amongſt the quick, ſelling their ſouls and breath
For any wares;
But when thy Maſter comes, they'll finde and ſee,
There's a reward for them and thee.

Then keep the antient way!
Spit out their phlegm,
And fill thy breſt with home; think on thy dream:
A calm, bright day!
A Land of flowers and ſpices! the word given.
If theſe be fair, O what is Heaven!

Cock-crowing.

Father of lights! what Sunnie ſeed,
What glance of day haſt thou confin'd
Into this bird? To all the breed
This buſie Ray thou haſt aſſign'd;
Their magnetiſme works all night,
And dreams of Paradiſe and light.

Their eyes watch for the morning-hue,
Their little grain expelling night
So ſhines and ſings, as if it knew
The path unto the houſe of light.
It ſeems their candle, howe'r done,
Was tinn'd and lighted at the ſunne.

If ſuch a tincture, ſuch a touch,
So firm a longing can impowre,
Shall thy own image think it much
To watch for thy appearing hour?

If a meer blaſt ſo fill the ſail,
Shall not the breath of God prevail?

O thou immortall light and heat!
Whoſe hand ſo ſhines through all this frame,
That by the beauty of the ſeat,
We plainly ſee who made the ſame.
Seeing thy ſeed abides in me,
Dwell thou in it, and I in thee!

To ſleep without thee is to die;
Yea, 'tis a death partakes of hell:
For where thou doſt not cloſe the eye
It never opens, I can tell.
In ſuch a dark, Ægyptian border,
The ſhades of death dwell and diſorder.

If joyes, and hopes, and earneſt throes,
And hearts, whoſe Pulſe beats ſtill for light,
Are given to birds; who, but thee, knows
A love-ſick ſoul's exalted flight?
Can ſouls be track'd by any eye
But his, who gave them wings to flie?

Onely this Veyle which thou haſt broke,
And muſt be broken yet in me,
This veyle, I ſay, is all the cloke
And cloud which ſhadows me from thee.
This veyle thy full-ey'd love denies,
And onely gleams and fractions ſpies.

O take it off! make no delay;
But bruſh me with thy light, that I
May ſhine unto a perfect day,
And warme me at thy glorious Eye!
O take it off! or till it flee,
Though with no Lilie, ſtay with me!

The Starre.

What ever 'tis, whoſe beauty here below
Attracts thee thus, and makes thee ſtream and flow,
And wind and curle, and wink and ſmile,
Shifting thy gate and guile,

Though thy cloſe commerce nought at all imbarrs
My preſent ſearch, for Eagles eye not ſtarrs;
And ſtill the leſſer by the beſt
And higheſt good is bleſt;

Yet, ſeeing all things that ſubſiſt and be
Have their Commiſſions from Divinitie,
And teach us duty, I will ſee
What man may learn from thee.

Firſt, I am ſure, the Subject ſo reſpected
Is well-diſpoſed; for bodies, once infected,
Deprav'd, or dead, can have with thee
No hold, nor ſympathie.

Next, there's in it a reſtleſs, pure deſire
And longing for thy bright and vitall fire,
Deſire that never will be quench'd,
Nor can be writh'd nor wrench'd.

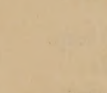
Theſe are the Magnets, which ſo ſtrongly move
And work all night upon thy light and love;

As beauteous ſhapes, we know not why,
Command and guide the eye.

For where deſire, celeſtiall, pure deſire,
Hath taken root, and grows, and doth not tire,
There God a Commerce ſtates, and ſheds
His Secret on their heads.

This is the Heart he craves; and who ſo will
But give it him, and grudge not; he ſhall feel
That God is true, as herbs unſeen
Put on their youth and green.

The Palm-tree.



Eare friend, ſit down, and bear awhile this ſhade,
As I have yours long ſince; This Plant, you ſee
So preſt and bow'd, before ſin did degrade
Both you and it, had equall liberty

With other trees: but now ſhut from the breath
And air of *Eden*, like a mal-content
It thrives no where. This makes theſe weights like death
And ſin, hang at him; for the more he's bent

The more he grows. Celeſtial natures ſtill
Aſpire for home; This *Solomon* of old
By flowers and carvings and myſterious ſkill
Of Wings, and Cherubims, and Palms foretold.

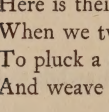
This is the life which hid above with Chriſt
In God, doth always hidden multiply,
And ſpring, and grow, a tree ne'r to be priced,
A Tree, whoſe fruit is immortality.

Here ſpirits that have run their race, and fought,
And won the fight, and have not feared the frowns
Nor lov'd the ſmiles of greatneſs, but have wrought
Their maſter's will, meet to receive their Crowns.

Here is the patience of the Saints: this Tree
Is water'd by their tears, as flowers are fed
With dew by night; but One you cannot ſee
Sits here, and numbers all the tears they ſhed.

Here is their faith too, which if you will keep
When we two part, I will a journey make
To pluck a Garland hence while you do ſleep,
And weave it for your head againſt you wake.

Joy.



E dumb, coarſe meaſures; jar no more; to me
There is no diſcord but your harmony,
Falſe, jugling ſounds; a grone well dreſt where care
Moves in diſguiſe, and ſighs afflict the air.
Sorrows in white; griefs tun'd; a ſugerd Doſis
Of Wormwood, and a Death's-head crown'd with Roſes.
He weighs not your forc'd accents, who can have
A leſſon plaid him by a winde or wave.

Such numbers tell their days, whoſe ſpirits be
Lull'd by thoſe Charmers to a Lethargy.
But as for thee, whoſe faults long ſince require
More eyes than ſtars, whoſe breath, could it aſpire
To equal winds, would prove too ſhort: Thou haſt
Another mirth, a mirth, though overcaſt
With clouds and rain, yet full as calm and fine
As thoſe *clear heights* which above tempeſts ſhine.
Therefore while the various ſhowers
Kill and cure the tender flowers,
While the winds refreſh the year
Now with clouds, now making clear,
Be ſure under pains of death
To ply both thine eyes and breath.
As leafs in Bowers
Whiſper their hours,
And Hermit-wells
Drop in their Cells:
So in ſighs and unſeen tears
Paſs thy ſolitary years,
And going hence leave written on ſome Tree,
Sighs make joy ſure, and ſhaking faſtens thee.

The Favour.

O Thy bright looks! thy glance of love
Shown, and but ſhown, me from above!
Rare looks! that can diſpenſe ſuch joy
As without wooing wins the coy,
And makes him mourn, and pine and dye,
Like a ſtarv'd Eaglet, for thine eye.
Some kinde herbs here, though low and far,

Watch for, and know their loving ſtar.
O let no ſtar compare with thee!
Nor any herb out-duty me!
So ſhall my nights and mornings be
Thy time to ſhine, and mine to ſee.

The Garland.

THou, who doſt flow and flouriſh here below,
To whom a falling ſtar and nine dayes' glory, [ſhew,
Or ſome frail beauty makes the braveſt
Hark, and make uſe of this enſuing ſtory.

When firſt my youthfull, ſinfull age
Grew maſter of my wayes,
Appointing errour for my Page,
And darkneſſe for my dayes;
I flung away, and with full crie
Of wild affections, rid
In poſt for pleaſures, bent to trie
All gameſters that would bid.
I played with fire, did counſell ſpurn,
Made life my common ſtake;
But never thought that fire would burn,
Or that a ſoul could ake.
Glorious deceptions, gilded miſts,
Falſe joyes, phantaſtick flights,
Peeces of ſackcloth with ſilk liſts,
Theſe were my prime delights.
I ſought choice bowres, haunted the ſpring,
Cull'd flowres and made me poſies;

Gave my fond humours their full wing,
And crown'd my head with Roſes.
But at the height of this Careire
I met with a dead man,
Who, noting well my vain Abear,
Thus unto me began:
Deſiſt, fond fool, be not undone,
What thou haſt cut to day
Will fade at night, and with this Sun
Quite vaniſh and decay.

Flowres gather'd in this world, die here; if thou
Wouldſt have a wreath that fades not, let them grow,
And grow for thee. Who ſpares them here, ſhall find
A Garland, where comes neither rain, nor wind.

Love-ſick.

JESUS, my life! how ſhall I truly love thee?
O that thy Spirit would ſo ſtrongly move me;
That thou wert pleaſed to ſhed thy grace ſo farr
As to make man all pure love, fleſh a ſtar!
A ſtar that would ne'r ſet, but ever riſe,
So riſe and run, as to out-run theſe ſkies,
Theſe narrow ſkies (narrow to me) that barre,
So barre me in, that I am ſtill at warre,
At conſtant warre with them. O come and rend,
Or bow the heavens! Lord bow them and deſcend,
And at thy preſence make theſe mountains flow,
Theſe mountains of cold Ice in me! Thou art

Refining fire, O then refine my heart,
My foul, foul heart! Thou art immortall heat;
Heat motion gives; Then warm it, till it beat,
So beat for thee, till thou in mercy hear,
So hear, that thou muſt open: open to
A ſinfull wretch, A wretch that caus'd thy woe;
Thy woe, who caus'd his weal; ſo far his weal
That thou forgott'ſt thine own, for thou didſt ſeal
Mine with thy blood, thy blood which makes thee mine,
Mine ever, ever; And me ever thine.

Trinity-Sunday.

O Holy, bleſſed, glorious three,
Eternall witneſſes that be
In heaven, One God in trinitie!

As here on earth, when men with-ſtood,
The Spirit, Water, and the Blood,
Made my Lord's Incarnation good:

So let the *Anty-types* in me
Elected, bought, and ſeal'd for free,
Be own'd, ſav'd, *Sainted* by you three!

Pſalme 104.

UP, O my ſoul, and bleſſe the Lord! O God,
My God, how great, how very great art thou!
Honour and majeſty have their abode
With thee, and crown thy brow.

Thou cloath'ſt thy ſelf with light, as with a robe,
And the high, glorious heav'ns thy mighty hand
Doth ſpread like curtains round about this globe
Of Air, and Sea, and Land.

The beams of thy bright Chambers thou doſt lay
In the deep waters, which no eye can find;
The clouds thy chariots are, and thy path-way
The wings of the ſwift wind.

In thy celeſtiall, gladſome meſſages
Diſpatch'd to holy ſouls, ſick with deſire
And love of thee, each willing Angel is
Thy miniſter in fire.

Thy arm unmoveable for ever laid
And founded the firm earth; then with the deep
As with a vail thou hidſt it; thy floods plaid
Above the mountains ſteep.

At thy rebuke they fled, at the known voice
Of their Lord's thunder they retir'd apace:
Some up the mountains paſt by ſecret ways,
Some downwards to their place.

For thou to them a bound haſt ſet, a bound,
Which, though but ſand, keeps in and curbs whole ſeas:
There all their fury, foame and hideous ſound
Muſt languiſh and decreaſe.

And as thy care bounds theſe, ſo thy rich love
Doth broach the earth; and leſſer brooks lets forth,
Which run from hills to valleys, and improve
Their pleaſure and their worth.

Theſe to the beaſts of every field give drink;
There the wilde aſſes ſwallow the cool ſpring:
And birds amongſt the branches on their brink
Their dwellings have and ſing.

Thou from thy upper Springs above, from thoſe
Chambers of rain, where Heav'n's large bottles lie,
Doeſt water the parch'd hills, whoſe breaches cloſe
Heal'd by the ſhowers from high.

Graſs for the cattel, and herbs for man's uſe
Thou mak'ſt to grow; theſe, bleſt by thee, the earth
Brings forth, with wine, oyl, bread: All which infuſe
To man's heart ſtrength and mirth.

Thou giv'ſt the trees their greenneſs, ev'n to thoſe
Cedars in *Lebanon*, in whoſe thick boughs
The birds their neſts build; though the Stork doth
The fir-trees for her houſe. [chooſe

To the wilde goats the high hills ſerve for folds,
The rocks give Conies a retyring place:
Above them the cool Moon her known courſe holds,
And the Sun runs his race.

Thou makeſt darkneſs, and then comes the night;
In whoſe thick ſhades and ſilence each wilde beaſt
Creeps forth, and pinch'd for food, with ſcent and ſight
Hunts in an eager queſt.

The Lyon's whelps impatient of delay
Roar in the covert of the woods, and ſeek
Their meat from thee, who doeſt appoint the prey,
And feed'ſt them all the week.

This paſt; the Sun ſhines on the earth; and they
Retire into their dens; Man goes abroad
Unto his work, and at the cloſe of day
Returns home with his load.

O Lord my God, how many and how rare
Are thy great works! In wiſdom haſt thou made
Them all; and this the earth, and every blade
Of graſs we tread declare.

So doth the deep and wide ſea, wherein are
Innumerable, creeping things, both ſmall
And great: there ſhips go, and the ſhipmen's fear,
The comely ſpacious Whale.

Theſe all upon thee wait, that thou maiſt feed
Them in due ſeaſon: what thou giv'ſt they take;
Thy bounteous open hand helps them at need,
And plenteous meals they make.

When thou doeſt hide thy face (thy face which keeps
All things in being) they conſume and mourn:
When thou with-draw'ſt their breath their vigour ſleeps,
And they to duſt return.

Thou ſend'ſt thy ſpirit forth, and they revive,
The frozen earth's dead face thou doſt renew.
Thus thou thy glory through the world doſt drive,
And to thy works art true.

Thine eyes behold the earth, and the whole ſtage
Is mov'd and trembles, the hills melt and ſmoke
With thy leaſt touch; lightnings and winds that rage
At thy rebuke are broke.

Therefore as long as thou wilt give me breath
I will in ſongs to thy great name imploy
That gift of thine, and to my day of death
Thou ſhalt be all my joy.

Ile *ſpice* my thoughts with thee, and from thy word
Gather true comforts; but the wicked liver
Shall be conſum'd. O my ſoul, bleſs thy Lord!
Yea, bleſſe thou him for ever!

The Bird.

Hither thou com'ſt. The buſie wind all night
Blew through thy lodging, where thy own warm wing
Thy pillow was. Many a ſullen ſtorm,
For which coarſe man ſeems much the fitter born,
Rain'd on thy bed
And harmleſs head;

And now as freſh and chearful as the light
Thy little heart in early hymns doth ſing
Unto that *Providence*, whoſe unſeen arm

Curb'd them, and cloath'd thee well and warm.
All things that be praiſe Him; and had
Their leſſon taught them when firſt made.

So hills and valleys into ſinging break;
And though poor ſtones have neither ſpeech nor tongue,
While active winds and ſtreams both run and ſpeak,
Yet ſtones are deep in admiration.
Thus Praiſe and Prayer here beneath the Sun
Make leſſer mornings, when the great are done.

For each incloſed Spirit is a ſtar
Inlightning his own little ſphære,
Whoſe light, though fetcht and borrowed from far,
Both mornings makes and evenings there.

But as theſe Birds of light make a land glad,
Chirping their ſolemn Matins on each tree:
So in the ſhades of night ſome dark fowls be,
Whoſe heavy notes make all that hear them ſad.

The Turtle then in Palm-trees mourns,
While Owls and Satyrs howl;
The pleaſant Land to brimſtone turns,
And all her ſtreams grow foul.

Brightneſs and mirth, and love and faith, all flye,
Till the Day-ſpring breaks forth again from high.

The Timber.

SUre thou didſt flouriſh once! and many
Springs,
Many bright mornings, much dew, many
ſhowers

Paſt ore thy head : many light *Hearts* and *Wings*,
Which now are dead, lodg'd in my living bowers.

And ſtill a new ſucceſſion ſings and flies ;
Freſh Groves grow up, and their green branches ſhoot
Towards the old and ſtill enduring ſkies ;
While the low *Violet* thrives at their root.

But thou beneath the ſad and heavy *Line*
Of death doth waſte all ſenſeleſs, cold and dark ;
Where not ſo much as dreams of light may ſhine,
Nor any thought of greenneſs, leaf or bark.

And yet, as if ſome deep hate and diſſent,
Bred in thy growth betwixt high winds and thee,
Were ſtill alive, thou doſt great ſtorms reſent,
Before they come, and know'ſt how near they be.

Elſe all at reſt thou lyeſt, and the fierce breath
Of tempeſts can no more diſturb thy eaſe ;
But this thy ſtrange reſentment after death
Means onely thoſe who broke in life thy peace.

So murthered man, when lovely life is done,
And his blood freez'd, keeps in the Center ſtill
Some ſecret ſenſe, which makes the dead blood run
At his approach that did the body kill.

And is there any murth'rer worſe than ſin ?
Or any ſtorms more foul than a lewd life ?
Or what *Reſentient* can work more within,
Than true remorſe, when with paſt ſins at ſtrife ?

He that hath left life's vain joys and vain care,
And truly hates to be detain'd on earth,

Hath got an houſe where many manſions are,
And keeps his ſoul unto eternal mirth.

But though thus dead unto the world, and ceas'd
From ſin, he walks a narrow, private way;
Yet grief and old wounds make him ſore diſpleas'd,
And all his life a rainy, weeping day.

For though he ſhould forſake the world, and live
As meer a ſtranger, as men long ſince dead;
Yet joy it ſelf will make a right ſoul grieve
To think, he ſhould be ſo long vainly led.

But as ſhades ſet off light, ſo tears and grief,
Though of themſelves but a ſad blubber'd ſtory,
By ſhewing the ſin great, ſhew the relief
Far greater, and ſo ſpeak my Saviour's glory.

If my way lies through deſerts and wilde woods,
Where all the Land with ſcorching heat is curſt;
Better the pools ſhould flow with rain and floods
To fill my bottle than I die with thirſt.

Bleſt ſhowers they are, and ſtreams ſent from above,
Begetting *Virgins* where they uſe to flow;
The trees of life no other waters love,
Than upper ſprings, and none elſe make them grow.

But theſe chaſte fountains flow not till we dye;
Some drops may fall before, but a clear ſpring
And ever running, till we leave to fling
Dirt in her way, will keep above the ſkie.

Rom. Cap. 6. ver. 7.

He that is dead, is freed from ſin.

The Jews.

When the fair year
Of your Deliverer comes,
And that long froſt which now benums
Your hearts ſhall thaw; when Angels here
Shall yet to man appear,
And familiarly confer
Beneath the Oke and Juniper;
When the bright *Dove*,
Which now theſe many, many Springs
Hath kept above,
Shall with ſpread wings
Deſcend, and living waters flow
To make drie duſt, and dead trees grow;

O then that I
Might live, and ſee the Olive bear
Her proper branches! which now lie
Scattered each where;
And without root and ſap, decay
Caſt by the huſband-man away.
And ſure it is not far!
For as your faſt and foul decays,
Forerunning the bright morning ſtar,
Did ſadly note His healing rayes
Would ſhine elſewhere, ſince you were blind,
And would be croſs, when God was kinde,—

So by all ſigns
Our fulneſs too is now come in;
And the ſame Sun, which here declines
And ſets, will few hours hence begin

To riſe on you again, and look
Towards old *Mamre* and *Eſhcol's* brook.
For ſurely he
Who lov'd the world ſo, as to give
His onely Son to make it free,
Whoſe ſpirit too doth mourn and grieve
To ſee man loſt, will for old love
From your dark hearts this veil remove.

Faith ſojourn'd firſt on earth in you,
You were the dear and choſen ſtock:
The Arm of God, glorious and true,
Was firſt reveal'd to be your rock.

You were the *eldeſt* childe, and when
Your ſtony hearts deſpiſed love,
The *youngeſt*, ev'n the Gentiles, then
Were chear'd your jealouſie to move.

Thus, Righteous Father! doeſt thou deal
With Brutiſh men; Thy gifts go round
By turns, and timely, and ſo heal
The loſt Son by the newly found.

Begging.

AYe Do not go! thou know'ſt, I'll dye!
My *Spring* and *Fall* are in thy book!
Or, if thou goeſt, do not deny
To lend me, though from far, one look!

My ſins long ſince have made thee ſtrange,
A very ſtranger unto me;

No morning-meetings ſince this change,
Nor evening-walks have I with thee.

Why is my God thus ſlow and cold,
When I am moſt, moſt ſick and ſad?
Well fare thoſe bleſſed days of old,
When thou didſt hear the *weeping Lad!**

O do not thou do as I did,
Do not deſpiſe a Love-ſick heart!
What though ſome clouds defiance bid,
Thy Sun muſt ſhine in every part.

Though I have ſpoil'd, O ſpoil not thou!
Hate not thine own dear gift and token!
Poor birds ſing beſt, and prettieſt ſhow,
When their neſt is faln and broken.

Dear Lord! reſtore thy ancient peace,
Thy quikning friendſhip, mans bright wealth!
And if thou wilt not give me eaſe
From ſickneſſe, give my ſpirit health!

Palm-Sunday.

COme, drop your branches, ſtrow the way,
Plants of the day!
Whom ſufferings make moſt green and gay.

* *Iſhmael.*

The King of grief, the man of ſorrow,
Weeping ſtill like the wet morrow,
Your ſhades and freſhneſs comes to borrow.

Put on, put on your beſt array;
Let the joy'd road make holy-day,
And flowers, that into fields do ſtray
Or ſecret groves, keep the high-way.

Trees, flowers and herbs; birds, beaſts and ſtones,
That ſince man fell expect with groans
To ſee the Lamb, come all at once,
Lift up your heads and leave your moans!
For here comes he
Whoſe death will be
Man's life, and your full liberty.

Hark! how the children ſhrill and high
Hoſanna cry;
Their joys provoke the diſtant ſkie,
Where thrones and Seraphins reply;
And their own Angels ſhine and ſing
In a bright ring:
Such yong, ſweet mirth
Makes heaven and earth
Joyn in a joyful Symphony.

The harmleſs, yong and happy Aſs,
Seen long before* this came to paſs,
Is in theſe joys an high partaker,
Ordain'd and made to bear his Maker.

Dear feaſt of Palms, of Flowers and Dew!
Whoſe fruitful dawn ſheds hopes and lights;

* *Zechariah, chap.* 9. *ver.* 9.

Thy bright ſolemnities did ſhew,
The third glad day through two ſad nights.

I'll get me up before the Sun,
I'll cut me boughs off many a tree,
And all alone full early run
To gather flowers to wellcome thee.

Then like the *Palm*, though wronged I'll bear,
I will be ſtill a childe, ſtill meek
As the poor Aſs, which the proud jear,
And onely my dear *Jeſus* ſeek.

If I loſe all, and muſt endure
The proverb'd griefs of holy *Job*,
I care not, ſo I may ſecure
But one *green Branch* and a *white robe*.

Jeſus weeping.

S. Luke 19. *ver.* 41.

BLeſſed, unhappy City! dearly lov'd,
But ſtill unkinde! Art this day nothing
mov'd?
Art ſenſeleſs ſtill? O can'ſt thou ſleep
When God himſelf for thee doth weep?
Stiff-necked *Jews!* your father's breed
That ſerv'd the calf, not *Abr'am's* ſeed,
Had not the Babes *Hoſanna* cryed,
The ſtones had ſpoke what you denyed.

Dear *Jeſus*, weep on! pour this latter
Soul quickning rain, this living water

On their dead hearts; but (O my fears!)
They will drink blood that deſpiſe tears.
My dear, bright Lord! my Morning-ſtar!
Shed this live-dew on fields which far
From hence long for it! ſhed it there,
Where the ſtarv'd earth groans for one tear!

This land, though with thy heart's bleſt extract fed,
Will nothing yield but thorns to wound thy head.

The Daughter of *Herodias*.

St. Matth. chap. 14. *ver.* 6. *&c.*

VAin, ſinful Art! who firſt did fit
Thy lewd loath'd *Motions* unto *ſounds*,
And made grave *Muſique*, like wilde *wit*,
Erre in looſe airs beyond her bounds,

What fires hath he heap'd on his head!
Since to his ſins, as needs it muſt,
His *Art* adds ſtill, though he be dead,
New freſh accounts of blood and luſt.

Leave then,* yong Sorcereſs; the *Ice*
Will thoſe coy ſpirits caſt aſleep,
Which teach thee now to pleaſe† his eyes
Who doth thy lothſome mother keep.

* *Her name was* Salome; *in paſſing over a frozen river, the ice broke under her, and chopt off her head.*

† Herod Antipas.

But thou haſt pleas'd ſo well, he ſwears,
And gratifies thy ſin with vows;
His ſhameleſs luſt in publick wears,
And to thy ſoft arts ſtrongly bows.

Skilful Inchantreſs, and true bred!
Who out of evil can bring forth good!
Thy mother's nets in thee were ſpred,
She tempts to *Inceſt*, thou to *blood*.

Jeſus weeping.

St. John chap. 11. *ver.* 35.

MY dear, Almighty Lord! why doſt thou weep?
Why doſt thou groan and groan again?
And with ſuch deep,
Repeated ſighs thy kinde heart pain?
Since the ſame ſacred breath, which thus
Doth Mourn for us,
Can make man's dead and ſcatter'd bones
Unite, and raiſe up all that dyed at once?

O holy groans! Groans of the Dove!
O healing tears! the tears of love!
Dew of the dead! which makes duſt move
And ſpring, how is't that you ſo ſadly grieve,
Who can relieve?

Should not thy ſighs refrain thy ſtore
Of tears, and not provoke to more?

Since two afflictions may not raign
In one at one time, as ſome feign.
Thoſe blaſts, which o'er our heads here ſtray,
If ſhowers then fall, will ſhowers allay;
As thoſe poor Pilgrims oft have tryed,
Who in this windy world abide.

Dear Lord! thou art all grief and love;
But which thou art moſt, none can prove.
Thou griev'ſt, man ſhould himſelf undo,
And lov'ſt him, though he works thy wo.

'Twas not that vaſt, almighty meaſure
Which is requir'd to make up life,
Though purchaſed with thy heart's dear treaſure,
Did breed this ſtrife
Of grief and pity in thy breſt,
The throne where peace and power reſt:
But 'twas thy love that, without leave,
Made thine eyes melt, and thy heart heave.
For though death cannot ſo undo
What thou haſt done, yea though man too
Should help to ſpoil, thou canſt reſtore
All better far than 'twas before.
Yet thou ſo full of pity art,
Pity which overflows thy heart!
That, though the Cure of all man's harm
Is nothing to thy glorious arm,
Yet canſt not thou that free Cure do,
But thou muſt ſorrow for him too.

Then farewell joys! for while I live,
My buſineſs here ſhall be to grieve:
A grief that ſhall outſhine all joys

For mirth and life, yet without noiſe.
A grief, whoſe ſilent dew ſhall breed
Lilies and Myrrhe, where the curs'd ſeed
Did ſometimes rule. A grief ſo bright,
'Twill make the Land of darkneſs light;
And while too many ſadly roam,
Shall ſend me *Swan-like* ſinging home.

Pſal. 73. ver. 25.

Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth, that I deſire beſides thee.

Providence.

SAcred and ſecret hand!
By whoſe aſſiſting, ſwift command
The Angel ſhewd that holy Well,
Which freed poor *Hagar* from her fears,
And turn'd to ſmiles the begging tears
Of yong, diſtreſſed *Iſhmael.*

How in a myſtick Cloud
Which doth thy ſtrange ſure mercies ſhroud,
Doeſt thou convey man food and money,
Unſeen by him till they arrive
Juſt at his mouth, that thankleſs hive,
Which kills thy Bees, and eats thy honey!

If I thy ſervant be,
Whoſe ſervice makes ev'n captives free,
A fiſh ſhall all my tribute pay,

The ſwift-wing'd Raven ſhall bring me meat,
And I like Flowers ſhall ſtill go neat,
As if I knew no month but *May*.

I will not fear what man
With all his plots and power can.
Bags that wax old may plundered be;
But none can ſequeſter or let
A ſtate that with the Sun doth ſet,
And comes next morning freſh as he.

Poor birds this doctrine ſing,
And herbs which on dry hills do ſpring,
Or in the howling wilderneſs
Do know thy dewy morning hours,
And watch all night for miſts or ſhowers,
Then drink and praiſe thy bounteouſneſs.

May he for ever dye
Who truſts not thee! but wretchedly
Hunts gold and wealth, and will not lend
Thy ſervice nor his ſoul one day!
May his Crown, like his hopes, be clay;
And what he ſaves, may his foes ſpend!

If all my portion here,
The meaſure given by thee each year,
Were by my cauſleſs enemies
Uſurp'd; it never ſhould me grieve,
Who know how well thou canſt relieve,
Whoſe hands are open as thine eyes.

Great King of love and truth!
Who would'ſt not hate my froward youth,

And wilt not leave me when grown old ;
Gladly will I, like *Pontick* ſheep,
Unto my wormwood-diet keep,
Since thou haſt made thy Arm my fold.

The Knot.

BRight Queen of Heaven! God's Virgin Spouſe!
The glad world's bleſſed maid!
Whoſe beauty tyed life to thy houſe,
And brought us ſaving ayd.

Thou art the true Loves-knot; by thee
God is made our Allie;
And man's inferior Eſſence He
With His did dignifie.

For Coaleſcent by that Band
We are His body grown,
Nouriſhed with favors from His hand
Whom for our head we own.

And ſuch a Knot what arm dares looſe,
What life, what death can ſever?
Which us in Him, and Him in us,
United keeps for ever.

The Ornament.

THe lucky world ſhewd me one day
Her gorgeous Mart and glittering ſtore,
Where with proud haſte the rich made way
To buy, the poor came to adore.

Serious they ſeem'd and bought up all
The lateſt Modes of pride and luſt;
Although the firſt muſt ſurely fall,
And the laſt is moſt loathſome duſt.

But while each gay, alluring ware
With idle hearts and buſie looks
They viewd, for idleneſs hath there
Laid up all her Archives and books,

Quite through their proud and pompous file
Bluſhing, and in meek weeds array'd,
With native looks which knew no guile,
Came the ſheep-keeping *Syrian* Maid.

Whom ſtrait the ſhining Row all fac'd,
Forc'd by her artleſs looks and dreſs;
While once cryed out, We are diſgrac'd!
For ſhe is braveſt, you confeſs.

St. Mary Magdalen.

DEar, beauteous Saint! more white than day,
When in his naked, pure array;
Freſher than morning-flowers which ſhew
As thou in tears doſt, beſt in dew.
How art thou chang'd, how lively-fair,
Pleaſing and innocent an air,
Not tutor'd by thy glaſs, but free,
Native and pure, ſhines now in thee!
But ſince thy beauty doth ſtill keep
Bloomy and freſh, why doſt thou weep?
This duſky ſtate of ſighs and tears
Durſt not look on thoſe ſmiling years,
When *Magdal*-caſtle was thy ſeat,
Where all was ſumptuous, rare and neat.
Why lies this *Hair* deſpiſed now
Which once thy care and art did ſhew?
Who then did dreſs the much lov'd toy,
In *Spires*, *Globes*, angry *Curls* and coy,
Which with ſkill'd negligence ſeem'd ſhed
About thy curious, wilde, young head?
Why is this rich, this *Piſtic* Nard
Spilt, and the box quite broke and marr'd?
What pretty ſullenneſs did haſte
Thy eaſie hands to do this waſte?
Why art thou humbled thus, and low
As earth thy lovely head doſt bow?
Dear *Soul!* thou knew'ſt, flowers here on earth
At their Lord's foot-ſtool have their birth;
Therefore thy wither'd ſelf in haſte

Beneath his bleſt feet thou didſt caſt,
That at the root of this green tree
Thy great decays reſtor'd might be.
Thy curious vanities and rare,
Odorous ointments kept with care,
And dearly bought, when thou didſt ſee
They could not cure nor comfort thee;
Like a wiſe, early Penitent,
Thou ſadly didſt to him preſent,
Whoſe interceding, meek and calm
Blood, is the world's all-healing *Balm*.
This, this Divine Reſtorative
Call'd forth thy tears, which ran in live
And haſty drops, as if they had
(Their Lord ſo near) ſenſe to be glad.
Learn, *Ladies*, here the faithful cure
Makes beauty laſting, freſh and pure;
Learn *Mary's* art of tears, and then
Say, *You have got the day from men.*
Cheap, mighty Art! her Art of love,
Who lov'd much, and much more could move;
Her Art! whoſe memory muſt laſt
Till truth through all the world be paſt;
Till his abus'd, deſpiſed flame
Return to Heaven, from whence it came,
And ſend a fire down, that ſhall bring
Deſtruction on his ruddy wing.
Her Art! whoſe penſive, weeping eyes,
Were once ſins looſe and tempting ſpies;
But now are fixed ſtars, whoſe light
Helps ſuch dark ſtraglers to their ſight.

Self-boaſting *Phariſee!* how blinde
A Judge wert thou, and how unkinde!

It was impoſſible, that thou,
Who wert all falſe ſhould'ſt true grief know.
Is't juſt to judge her faithful tears
By that foul rheum thy falſe eye wears?

This Woman, ſay'ſt thou, *is a ſinner!*
And ſate there none ſuch at thy dinner?
Go Leper, go! waſh till thy fleſh
Comes like a childe's ſpotleſs and freſh;
He is ſtill leprous that ſtill paints:
Who Saint themſelves, they are no *Saints*.

The Rain-bow.

STill young and fine! but what is ſtill in view
We ſlight as old and ſoil'd, though freſh and new.
How bright wert thou, when *Shem's* admiring eye
Thy burniſht, flaming *Arch* did firſt deſcry!
When *Terah*, *Nahor*, *Haran*, *Abram*, *Lot*,
The youthful world's gray fathers in one knot,
Did with intentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each ſhower!
When thou doſt ſhine darkneſs looks white and fair,
Forms turn to Muſick, clouds to ſmiles and air:
Rain gently ſpends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on graſs and flowers.
Bright pledge of peace and Sun-ſhine! the ſure tye
Of thy Lord's hand, the *object of His eye!

* *Gen. chap.* 9. *ver.* 16.

When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Diſtant and low, I can in thine ſee Him,
Who looks upon thee from His glorious throne,
And mindes the Covenant 'twixt *All* and *One*.
O foul, deceitful men! my God doth keep
His promiſe ſtill, but we break ours and ſleep.
After the *Fall* the firſt ſin was in *Blood*,
And *Drunkenneſs* quickly did ſucceed the flood;
But ſince *Chriſt* dyed, (as if we did deviſe
To loſe him too, as well as *Paradiſe*,)
Theſe two grand ſins we joyn and act together,
Though blood and drunkeneſs make but foul, foul
weather.
Water, though both Heaven's windows and the deep
Full forty days o'r the drown'd world did weep,
Could not reform us, and blood in deſpight,
Yea God's own blood, we tread upon and ſlight.
So thoſe bad daughters, which God ſav'd from fire,
While *Sodom* yet did ſmoke lay with their ſire.

Then peaceful, ſignal bow, but in a cloud
Still lodged, where all thy unſeen arrows ſhrowd;
I will on thee as on a Comet look,
A Comet, the ſad world's ill-boding book;
Thy light as luctual and ſtain'd with woes
I'll judge, where penal flames ſit mixt and cloſe.
For though ſome think, thou ſhin'ſt but to reſtrain
Bold ſtorms, and ſimply doſt attend on rain;
Yet I know well, and ſo our ſins require,
Thou doſt but Court cold rain, till *Rain* turns *Fire*.

The Seed growing ſecretly.

S. Mark. 4. 26.

IF this world's friends might ſee but once
What ſome poor man may often feel,
Glory and gold and Crowns and Thrones,
They would ſoon quit, and learn to kneel.

My dew, my dew! my early love,
My ſoul's bright food, thy abſence kills!
Hover not long, eternal Dove!
Life without thee is looſe and ſpills.

Something I had, which long ago
Did learn to ſuck and ſip and taſte;
But now grown ſickly, ſad and ſlow,
Doth fret and wrangle, pine and waſte.

O ſpred thy ſacred wings, and ſhake
One living drop! one drop life keeps!
If pious griefs Heaven's joys awake,
O fill his bottle! thy childe weeps!

Slowly and ſadly doth he grow,
And ſoon as left ſhrinks back to ill;
O feed that life, which makes him blow
And ſpred and open to thy will!

For thy eternal, living wells
None ſtain'd or wither'd ſhall come near:
A freſh, immortal *green* there dwells,
And ſpotleſs *white* is all the wear.

Dear, ſecret *Greenneſs!* nurſt below!
Tempeſts and windes and winter-nights,
Vex not, that but one ſees thee grow,
That One made all theſe leſſer lights.

If thoſe bright joys He ſingly ſheds
On thee, were all met in one Crown,
Both Sun and Stars would hide their heads;
And Moons, though full, would get them down.

Let glory be their bait, whoſe mindes
Are all too high for a low Cell:
Though Hawks can prey through ſtorms and winds,
The poor Bee in her hive muſt dwell.

Glory, the croud's cheap tinſel, ſtill
To what moſt takes them is a drudge;
And they too oft take good for ill,
And thriving vice for vertue judge.

What needs a Conſcience calm and bright
Within itſelf an outward teſt?
Who breaks his glaſs to take more light,
Makes way for ſtorms into his reſt.

Then bleſs thy ſecret growth, nor catch
At noiſe, but thrive unſeen and dumb;
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch,
Till the white winged Reapers come!

¶

AS time one day by me did paſs,
Through a large duſky glaſſe
He held, I chanc'd to look,
And ſpyed his curious book
Of paſt days, where ſad Heav'n did ſhed
A mourning light upon the dead.

Many diſordered lives I ſaw,
And foul records which thaw
My kinde eyes ſtill, but in
A fair, white page of thin
And ev'n, ſmooth lines, like the Sun's rays,
Thy name was writ, and all thy days.

O bright and happy Kalendar!
Where youth, ſhines like a ſtar
All pearl'd with tears, and may
Teach age *The Holy way;*
Where through thick pangs, high agonies,
Faith into life breaks, and death dies.

As ſome meek *night-piece,* which day quails,
To candle-light unveils:
So by one beauty line
From thy bright lamp did ſhine
In the ſame page thy humble grave,
Set with green herbs, glad hopes and brave.

Here ſlept my thought's dear mark! which duſt
Seem'd to devour like ruſt;
But duſt, I did obſerve,

By hiding doth preſerve;
As we for long and ſure recruits,
Candy with ſugar our choice fruits.

O calm and ſacred bed, where lies
In death's dark myſteries
A beauty far more bright
Than the noon's cloudleſs light;
For whoſe dry duſt green branches bud,
And robes are bleach'd in the *Lamb's* blood.

Sleep, happy aſhes! bleſſed ſleep!
While hapleſſe I ſtill weep;
Weep that I have out liv'd
My life, and unreliev'd
Muſt, ſoul-leſſe ſhadow! ſo live on,
Though life be dead, and my joys gone.

¶

EAir and yong light! my guide to holy
Grief, and ſoul-curing melancholy;
Whom living here I did ſtill ſhun
As ſullen night-ravens do the Sun,
And led by my own fooliſh fire
Wandred through darkneſs, dens and mire.
How am I now in love with all
That I term'd then meer bonds and thrall!
And to thy name, which ſtill I keep,
Like the ſurviving turtle weep!
O bitter curs'd delights of men!
Our ſoul's diſeaſes firſt, and then

Our body's: poyſons that intreat
With fatal ſweetneſs, till we eat;
How artfully do you deſtroy,
That kill with ſmiles and ſeeming joy!
If all the ſubtilties of vice
Stood bare before unpractic'd eyes,
And every act ſhe doth commence
Had writ down its ſad conſequence,
Yet would not men grant, their ill fate
Lodged in thoſe falſe looks, till too late.
O holy, happy, healthy heaven,
Where all is pure, where all is even,
Plain, harmleſs, faithful, fair and bright,
But what Earth breaths againſt thy light!
How bleſt had men been, had their *Sire*
Liv'd ſtill in league with thy chaſte fire;
Nor made life through her long deſcents
A ſlave to luſtful Elements!
I did once read in an old book
Soil'd with many a weeping look,
That the ſeeds of foul ſorrows be
The fineſt things that are to ſee.
So that fam'd fruit, which made all dye
Seem'd fair unto the woman's eye.
If theſe ſupplanters in the ſhade
Of Paradiſe could make man fade,
How in this world ſhould they deter,
This world, their fellow-murtherer!
And why then grieve we to be ſent
Home by our firſt fair puniſhment,
Without addition to our woes
And lingring wounds from weaker foes;
Since that doth quickly freedom win,
For he that's dead is freed from ſin?

O that I were winged and free
And quite undreſt juſt now with thee,
Where freed ſouls dwell by living fountains
On everlaſting, ſpicy mountains!
Alas! my God! take home thy ſheep;
This world but laughs at thoſe that weep.

The Stone.

Joſh. chap. 24. *ver.* 27.

Have it now:
But where to act that none ſhall know;
Where I ſhall have no cauſe to fear
An eye or ear,
What man will ſhow?
If nights, and ſhades, and ſecret rooms,
Silent as tombs,
Will not conceal nor aſſent to
My dark deſigns, what ſhall I do?
Man I can bribe, and woman will
Conſent to any gainful ill,
But theſe dumb creatures are ſo true,
No gold nor gifts can them ſubdue.
Hedges have ears, ſaith the old ſooth,
And ev'ry buſh is ſomething's booth;
This cautious fools miſtake, and fear
Nothing but man when ambuſh'd there.

But I Alas!
Was ſhown one day in a ſtrange glaſs
That buſie commerce kept between
God and his Creatures, though unſeen.

They hear, ſee, ſpeak,
And into loud diſcoveries break,
As loud as blood. Not that God needs
Intelligence, whoſe ſpirit feeds
All things with life, before whoſe eye,
Hell and all hearts ſtark naked lye.
But*he that judgeth as he hears,
He that accuſeth none, ſo ſteers
His righteous courſe, that though he knows
All that man doth, conceals or ſhows,
Yet will not he by his own light,
Though both all-ſeeing and all right,
Condemn men; but will try them by
A proceſs, which ev'n man's own eye
Muſt needs acknowledge to be juſt.
Hence ſand and duſt
Are ſhak'd for witneſſes, and ſtones,
Which ſome think dead, ſhall all at once
With one atteſting voice detect
Thoſe ſecret ſins we leaſt ſuſpect.
For know, wilde men, that when you erre
Each thing turns Scribe and Regiſter,
And in obedience to his Lord,
Doth your moſt private ſins record.

The *Law* delivered to the *Jews*,
Who promis'd much, but did refuſe
Performance, will for that ſame deed
Againſt them by a *ſtone* proceed;
Whoſe ſubſtance, though 'tis hard enough,
Will prove their hearts more ſtiff and tuff.
But now, ſince God on himſelf took

* *John chap.* 5. *ver.* 30, 45.

What all mankinde could never brook,
If any (for He all invites)
His eaſie yoke rejects or ſlights,
The *Goſpel* then, for 'tis His word,
And not himſelf* ſhall judge the world,
Will by looſe *Duſt* that man arraign,
As one than duſt more vile and vain.

The dwelling-place.

S. John, chap. 1. *ver.* 38, 39.

WHat happy, ſecret fountain,
Fair ſhade, or mountain,
Whoſe undiſcover'd virgin glory
Boaſts it this day, though not in ſtory,
Was then thy dwelling? did ſome cloud,
Fix'd to a Tent, deſcend and ſhrowd
My diſtreſt Lord? or did a ſtar,
Beckon'd by thee, though high and far,
In ſparkling ſmiles haſte gladly down
To lodge light and increaſe her own?
My dear, dear God! I do not know
What lodged thee then, nor where, nor how;
But I am ſure thou doſt now come
Oft to a narrow, homely room,
Where thou too haſt but the leaſt part;
My God, I mean *my ſinful heart.*

* *St. John, chap.* 12. *ver.* 47, 48.

The Men of War.

S. Luke, chap. 23. *ver.* 11.

F any have an ear,
Saith holy **John, then let him hear!*
He, that into Captivity
Leads others, ſhall a Captive be.
Who with the ſword doth others kill,
A ſword ſhall his blood likewiſe ſpill.
Here is the patience of the Saints,
And the true faith which never faints.

Were not thy word, dear Lord! my light,
How would I run to endleſs night,
And perſecuting thee and thine,
Enact for *Saints* myſelf and mine!
But now enlighten'd thus by thee,
I dare not think ſuch villany;
Nor for a temporal ſelf-end
Succeſsful wickedneſs commend.
For in this bright, inſtructing verſe
Thy Saints are not the Conquerors;
But patient, meek, and overcome
Like thee, when ſet at naught and dumb.
Armies thou haſt in Heaven, which fight
And follow thee all cloath'd in white;
But here on earth, though thou hadſt need,
Thou wouldſt no legions, but wouldſt bleed.
The ſword wherewith thou doſt command
Is in thy mouth, not in thy hand,

* *Revel. cap.* 13. *ver.* 10.

And all thy Saints do overcome
By thy blood, and their Martyrdom.
But ſeeing Soldiers long ago
Did ſpit on thee, and ſmote thee too;
Crown'd thee with thorns, and bow'd the knee,
But in contempt, as ſtill we ſee,
I'le marvel not at ought they do,
Becauſe they us'd my Savior ſo;
Since of my *Lord* they had their will,
The ſervant muſt not take it ill.

Dear *Jeſus*, give me patience here,
And faith to ſee my Crown as near,
And almoſt reach'd, becauſe 'tis ſure
If I hold faſt, and ſlight the *Lure*.
Give me humility and peace,
Contented thoughts, innoxious eaſe,
A ſweet, revengeleſs, quiet minde,
And to my greateſt haters kinde.
Give me, my God! a heart as milde
And plain, as when I was a childe.
That when *thy Throne is ſet*, and all
Theſe *Conquerors* before it fall,
I may be found preſerv'd by thee
Amongſt that choſen company,
Who by no blood here overcame
But the blood of the *bleſſed Lamb*.

The Aſs.

St. Matt. 21.

THou! who didſt place me in this buſie ſtreet
Of fleſh and blood, where two ways meet:
The *One* of goodneſs, peace and life,
The *other* of death, ſin and ſtrife;
Where frail viſibles rule the minde,
And preſent things finde men moſt kinde;
Where obſcure cares the *mean* defeat,
And ſplendid vice deſtroys the *great;*
As thou didſt ſet no law for me,
But that of perfect liberty,
Which neither tyres, nor doth corrode,
But is a *Pillow*, not a *Load:*
So give me grace ever to reſt,
And build on it becauſe the beſt;
Teach both mine eyes and feet to move
Within thoſe bounds ſet by thy love;
Grant I may ſoft and lowly be,
And minde thoſe things I cannot ſee;
Tye me to faith, though above reaſon,
Who queſtion power they ſpeak treaſon:
Let me, thy Aſs, be onely wiſe
To carry, not ſearch, myſteries.
Who carries thee is by thee led;
Who argues follows his own head.
To check bad motions, keep me ſtill
Amongſt the dead, where thriving ill,
Without his brags and conqueſts, lies,

And truth, oppreſt here, gets the prize.
At all times, whatſoe'r I do
Let me not fail to queſtion, who
Shares in the *act*, and puts me to't?
And if not thou, let not me do't.
Above all, make me love the poor,
Thoſe burthens to the rich man's door;
Let me admire thoſe, and be kinde
To low eſtates and a low minde.
If the world offers to me nought,
That by thy book muſt not be ſought,
Or, though it ſhould be lawful, may
Prove not expedient for thy way,
To ſhun that peril let thy grace
Prevail with me to ſhun the place;
Let me be wiſe to pleaſe thee ſtill,
And let men call me what they will.
When thus thy milde, inſtructing hand
Findes thy poor *foal* at thy command,
When he from wilde is become wiſe,
And ſlights that moſt, which men moſt prize;
When all things here to thiſtles turn
Pricking his lips, till he doth mourn
And hang the head, ſighing for thoſe
Paſtures of life, where the Lamb goes:
O then, juſt then! break or untye
Theſe bonds, this ſad captivity,
This leaden ſtate which men miſcal
Being and life, but is dead thrall.
And when, O God! the Aſs is free,
In a ſtate known to none but thee,
O let him by his *Lord* be led
To living ſprings, and there be fed,
Where light, joy, health, and perfect peace

Shut out all pain and each diſeaſe;
Where death and frailty are forgotten
And bones rejoyce, which once were broken!

The hidden Treaſure.

S. Matt. 13. 44.

WHat can the man do that ſucceeds the King?*
Even what was done before, and no new thing.
Who ſhews me but one grain of ſincere light?
Falſe ſtars and fire-drakes, and deceits of night,
Set forth to fool and foil thee, do not boaſt;
Such Coal-flames ſhew but Kitchin-rooms at moſt.
And thoſe I ſaw ſearch'd through; yea thoſe and all,
That theſe three thouſand years time did let fall
To blinde the eyes of lookers-back, and I
Now all is done, finde all is vanity.
Thoſe ſecret ſearches which afflict the wiſe,
Paths that are hidden from the *Vultur's* eyes,
I ſaw at diſtance, and where grows that fruit
Which others onely grope for and diſpute.
The world's lov'd wiſdom, for the world's friends think
There is none elſe, did not the dreadful brink
And precipice it leads to bid me flie
None could with more advantage uſe than I.
Man's favourite ſins, thoſe tainting appetites,
Which nature breeds, and ſome fine clay invites,

* *Eccleſiaſtes, chap.* 2. 12.

With all their ſoft, kinde arts and eaſie ſtrains,
Which ſtrongly operate, though without pains,
Did not a greater beauty rule mine eyes,
None would more dote on, nor ſo ſoon entice.
But ſince theſe ſweets are ſowre and poyſon'd here,
Where the impure ſeeds flouriſh all the year,
And private Tapers will but help to ſtray
Ev'n thoſe, who *by them* would finde out the day,
I'le ſeal my eyes up, and to thy commands
Submit my wilde heart, and reſtrain my hands;
I will do nothing, nothing know, nor ſee
But what thou bidſt, and ſhew'ſt, and teacheſt me.
Look what thou gav'ſt; all that I do reſtore,
But for one thing, thou purchas'd once before.

Childe-hood.

I Cannot reach it; and my ſtriving eye
Dazles at it, as at eternity.
Were now that Chronicle alive,
Thoſe white deſigns which children drive,
And the thoughts of each harmleſs hour,
With their content too in my pow'r,
Quickly would I make my path even,
And by meer playing go to Heaven.

Why ſhould men love
A Wolf, more than a Lamb or Dove?
Or chooſe hell-fire and brimſtone ſtreams
Before bright-ſtars and God's own beams?
Who kiſſeth thorns will hurt his face,
But flowers do both refreſh and grace;

And ſweetly living *(fie on men!)*
Are, when dead, medicinal then.
If ſeeing much ſhould make ſtaid eyes,
And long experience ſhould make wiſe;
Since all that age doth teach is ill,
Why ſhould I not love childe-hood ſtill?
Why, if I ſee a rock or ſhelf,
Shall I from thence caſt down my ſelf,
Or by complying with the world,
From the ſame precipice be hurl'd?
Thoſe obſervations are but foul,
Which make me wiſe to loſe my ſoul.

And yet the *Practice* worldlings call
Buſineſs and weighty action all,
Checking the poor childe for his play,
But gravely caſt themſelves away.

Dear, harmleſs age! the ſhort, ſwift ſpan
Where weeping virtue parts with man;
Where love without luſt dwells, and bends
What way we pleaſe without ſelf-ends.

An age of myſteries! which he
Muſt live twice that would God's face ſee;
Which *Angels* guard, and with it play,
Angels! which foul men drive away.

How do I ſtudy now, and ſcan
Thee more than ere I ſtudyed man,
And onely ſee through a long night
Thy edges and thy bordering light!
O for thy Center and mid-day!
For ſure that is the *narrow way!*

The Night.

John 3. 2.

THrough that pure *Virgin-ſhrine*,
That ſacred vail drawn o'er thy glorious noon,
That men might look and live, as Glo-worms ſhine,
And face the Moon,
Wiſe *Nicodemus* ſaw ſuch light
As made him know his God by night.

Moſt bleſt believer he!
Who in that land of darkneſs and blinde eyes
Thy long expected healing wings could ſee,
When thou didſt riſe;
And, what can never more be done,
Did at mid-night ſpeak with the Sun!

O who will tell me, where
He found thee at that dead and ſilent hour?
What hallow'd ſolitary ground did bear
So rare a flower;
Within whoſe ſacred leafs did lie
The fulneſs of the Deity?

No mercy-ſeat of gold,
No dead and duſty *Cherub*, nor carved ſtone,
But his own living works, did my Lord hold
And lodge alone;

Where *trees* and *herbs* did watch and peep
And wonder, while the *Jews* did ſleep.

Dear night! this world's defeat;
The ſtop to buſie fools; care's check and curb;
The day of Spirits; my ſoul's calm retreat
Which none diſturb!
*Chriſt's** progreſs, and his prayer time;
The hours to which high Heaven doth chime.

God's ſilent, ſearching flight:
When my Lord's head is filled with dew, and all
His locks are wet with the clear drops of night;
His ſtill, ſoft call;
His knocking time; The ſoul's dumb watch,
When ſpirits their Fair Kindred catch.

Were all my loud, evil days
Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark Tent,
Whoſe peace but by ſome *Angel's* wing or voice
Is ſeldom rent;
Then I in Heaven all the long year
Would keep, and never wander here.

But living where the Sun
Doth all things wake, and where all mix and tyre
Themſelves and others, I conſent and run
To ev'ry myre;
And by this world's ill guiding light,
Erre more than I can do by night.

There is in God, ſome ſay,
A deep, but dazzling darkneſs; As men here

* *Mark, chap.* 1. 35. *S. Luke, chap.* 21. 37.

Say it is late and duſky, becauſe they
See not all clear.
O for that night! where I in Him
Might live inviſible and dim!

Abels blood.

SAd, purple well! whoſe bubling eye
Did firſt againſt a Murth'rer cry;
Whoſe ſtreams ſtill vocal, ſtill complain
Of bloody *Cain;*
And now at evening are as red
As in the morning when firſt ſhed.
If ſingle thou,
Though ſingle voices are but low,
Could'ſt ſuch a ſhrill and long cry rear
As ſpeaks ſtill in thy maker's ear,
What thunders ſhall thoſe men arraign
Who cannot count thoſe they have ſlain,
Who bath not in a ſhallow flood,
But in a deep, wide ſea of blood?
A ſea, whoſe lowd waves cannot ſleep,
But *Deep* ſtill calleth upon *deep:*
Whoſe urgent *ſound,* like unto that
Of many waters, beateth at
The everlaſting doors above,
Where ſouls behinde the altar move,
And with one ſtrong, inceſſant cry
Inquire *How long?* of the moſt High?
Almighty Judge!
At whoſe juſt laws no juſt men grudge;
Whoſe bleſſed, ſweet commands do pour

Comforts and joys, and hopes each hour
On thoſe that keep them; O accept
Of his vow'd heart, whom thou haſt kept
From bloody men! and grant, I may
That ſworn memorial duly pay
To thy bright arm, which was my light
And leader through thick death and night!
Aye may that flood,
That proudly ſpilt and deſpis'd blood,
Speechleſs and calm as Infants ſleep!
Or if it watch, forgive and weep
For thoſe that ſpilt it! May no cries
From the low earth to Heaven riſe,
But what like his, whoſe blood peace brings,
Shall when they riſe, *ſpeak better things*
Than *Abel's* doth! may *Abel* be
Still ſingle heard, while theſe agree
With his milde blood in voice and will,
Who pray'd for thoſe that did him kill!

Righteouſneſs.

FAir, ſolitary path! Whoſe bleſſed ſhades
The old, white Prophets planted firſt and dreſt;
Leaving for us, whoſe goodneſs quickly fades,
A ſhelter all the way, and bowers to reſt;

Who is the man that walks in thee? who loves
Heav'n's ſecret ſolitude, thoſe fair abodes,

Where turtles build, and careleſe ſparrows move,
Without to morrow's evils and future loads?

Who hath the upright heart, the ſingle eye,
The clean, pure hand, which never medled pitch?
Who ſees *Inviſibles*, and doth comply
With hidden treaſures that make truly rich?

He that doth ſeek and love
The things above,
Whoſe ſpirit ever poor is meek and low;
Who ſimple ſtill and wiſe,
Still homewards flies,
Quick to advance, and to retreat moſt ſlow.

Whoſe acts, words and pretence
Have all one ſenſe,
One aim and end; who walks not by his ſight:
Whoſe eyes are both put out,
And goes about
Guided by faith, not by exterior light.

Who ſpills no blood, nor ſpreds
Thorns in the beds
Of the diſtreſt, haſting their overthrow;
Making the time they had
Bitter and ſad,
Like *Chronic* pains, which ſurely kill, though ſlow.

Who knows earth nothing hath
Worth love or wrath,
But in his *hope* and *Rock* is ever glad.
Who ſeeks and follows peace,
When with the eaſe
And health of conſcience it is to be had.

Who bears his croſs with joy,
And doth imploy
His heart and tongue in prayers for his foes;
Who lends not to be paid,
And gives full aid
Without that bribe which Uſurers impoſe.

Who never looks on man
Fearful and wan,
But firmly truſts in God; the great man's meaſure
Though high and haughty muſt
Be ta'en in duſt;
But the good man is God's peculiar treaſure.

Who doth thus, and doth not
Theſe good deeds blot
With bad, or with neglect; and heaps not wrath
By ſecret filth, nor feeds
Some ſnake, or weeds,
Cheating himſelf; That man walks in this path.

Anguiſh.

MY God and King! to thee
I bow my knee;
I bow my troubled ſoul, and greet
With my foul heart thy holy feet.
Caſt it, or tread it! It ſhall do
Even what thou wilt, and praiſe thee too.

My God, could I weep blood,
Gladly I would;

Or if thou wilt give me that Art,
Which through the eyes pours out the heart,
I will exhauſt it all, and make
My ſelf all tears, a weeping lake.

O! 'tis an eaſie thing
To write and ſing;
But to write true, unfeigned verſe
Is very hard! O God, diſperſe
Theſe weights, and give my ſpirit leave
To act as well as to conceive!

O my God, hear my cry;
Or let me dye! ———

Tears.

When my God, my glory, brings
His white and holy train
Unto thoſe clear and living *Springs*
Where comes no *ſtain!*

Where all is *light*, and *flowers*, and *fruit*,
And *joy*, and *reſt*,
Make me amongſt them, 'tis my ſuit!
The laſt one and the leaſt.

And when they all are fed, and have
Drunk of thy living ſtream,
Bid thy poor Aſs, with tears I crave,
Drink after them.

Thy love claims higheſt thanks, my ſin
The loweſt pitch:
But if he pays, who *loves much*, then
Thou haſt made beggers rich.

Jacobs Pillow, and Pillar.

See the Temple in thy Pillar reared,
And that dread glory which thy children feared,
In milde, clear viſions, without a frown,
Unto thy ſolitary ſelf is ſhown.
'Tis number makes a Schiſm: throngs are rude,
And God himſelf dyed by the multitude.
This made him put on clouds, and fire, and ſmoke;
Hence He in thunder to thy Off-ſpring ſpoke.
The ſmall, ſtill voice at ſome low Cottage knocks,
But a ſtrong wind muſt break thy lofty rocks.

The firſt true worſhip of the world's great King
From private and ſelected hearts did ſpring;
But He moſt willing to ſave all mankinde,
Inlarg'd that light, and to the bad was kinde.
Hence Catholick or Univerſal came
A moſt fair notion, but a very name.
For this rich Pearl, like ſome more common ſtone,
When once made publique, is eſteem'd by none.
Man ſlights his Maker when familiar grown,
And ſets up laws to pull his honor down.
This God foreſaw: And when ſlain by the crowd
Under that ſtately and myſterious cloud
Which his death ſcatter'd, He foretold the place

And form to ſerve Him in ſhould be true grace,
And the meek heart; not in a Mount, nor at
Jeruſalem, with blood of beaſts and fat.
A heart is that dread place, that awfull Cell,
That ſecret Ark, where the milde Dove doth dwell,
When the proud waters rage: when Heathens rule
By God's permiſſion, and man turns a Mule,
This litle *Goſhen*, in the midſt of night,
And Satan's ſeat, in all her Coaſts hath light;
Yea *Bethel* ſhall have Tithes, ſaith *Iſrael's* ſtone,
And vows and viſions, though her foes crye, None.
Thus is the ſolemn temple ſunk agen
Into a Pillar, and conceal'd from men.
And glory be to his eternal Name,
Who is contented that this holy flame
Shall lodge in ſuch a narrow pit, till He
With His ſtrong arm turns our captivity!

But bleſſed *Jacob*, though thy ſad diſtreſs
Was juſt the ſame with ours, and nothing leſs;
For thou a brother, and blood-thirſty too,
Didſt flye, *whoſe children wrought thy children's wo:
Yet thou in all thy ſolitude and grief,
On ſtones didſt ſleep, and found'ſt but cold relief;
Thou from the Day-ſtar a long way didſt ſtand,
And all that diſtance was Law and command.
But we a healing Sun by day and night,
Hâve our ſure Guardian, and our leading light.
What thou didſt hope for and believe we finde
And feel, a friend moſt ready, ſure and kinde.
Thy pillow was but type and ſhade at beſt,
But we the ſubſtance have, and on Him reſt.

* *Obadiah chap.* 1. 10. *Amos chap.* 1. 11.

The Agreement.

Wrote it down. But one, that ſaw
And envyed that Record, did ſince
Such a miſt over my minde draw,
It quite forgot that purpos'd glimpſe.
I read it ſadly oft, but ſtill
Simply believ'd 'twas not my Quill.

At length my life's kinde Angel came,
And with his bright and buſie wing
Scatt'ring that cloud ſhewd me the flame,
Which ſtrait like Morning-ſtars did ſing,
And ſhine, and point me to a place,
Which all the year ſees the Sun's face.

O beamy book! O my mid-day,
Exterminating fears and night!
The mount, whoſe white Aſcendents may
Be in conjunction with true light!
My thoughts, when towards thee they move,
Glitter and kindle with thy love.

Thou art the oyl and the wine-houſe;
Thine are the preſent healing leaves,
Blown from the tree of life to us
By His breath whom my dead heart heaves.
Each page of thine hath true life in't,
And God's bright minde expreſt in print.

Moſt modern books are blots on thee,
Their doctrine chaff and windy fits,

Darken'd along, as their ſcribes be,
With thoſe foul ſtorms, when they were writ;
While the man's zeal lays out and blends
Onely ſelf-worſhip and ſelf-ends.

Thou art the faithful, pearly rock,
The Hive of beamy, living lights,
Ever the ſame, whoſe diffus'd ſtock
Entire ſtill wears out blackeſt nights.
Thy lines are rays the true Sun ſheds;
Thy leaves are healing wings he ſpreads.

For until thou didſt comfort me
I had not one poor word to ſay:
Thick buſie clouds did multiply,
And ſaid I was no childe of day;
They ſaid, my own hands did remove
That candle given me from above.

O God! I know and do confeſs
My ſins are great and ſtill prevail,
(Moſt heynous ſins and numberleſs!)
But thy *Compaſſions* cannot fail.
If thy ſure mercies can be broken,
Then all is true my foes have ſpoken.

But while time runs, and after it
Eternity which never ends,
Quite through them both, ſtill infinite,
Thy Covenant by *Chriſt* extends;
No ſins of frailty, nor of youth,
Can foil his merits, and thy truth.

And this I hourly finde, for thou
Doſt ſtill renew, and purge and heal:

Thy care and love, which joyntly flow,
New Cordials, new *Cathartics* deal.
But were I once caſt off by thee,
I know, my God! this would not be.

Wherefore with tears, tears by thee ſent,
I beg my faith may never fail!
And when in death my ſpeech is ſpent,
O let that ſilence then prevail!
O chaſe in that *cold calm* my foes,
And hear my heart's laſt private throes!

So thou, who didſt the work begin,
For *I till*drawn came not to thee,*
Wilt finiſh it, and by no ſin
Will thy free mercies hindred be.
For which, O God, I onely can
Bleſs thee, and blame unthankful man.

The day of Judgement.

O Day of life, of light, of love!
The onely day dealt from above!
A day ſo freſh, ſo bright, ſo brave
Twill ſhew us each forgotten grave,
And make the dead, like flowers, ariſe
Youthful and fair to ſee new ſkies.
All other days, compar'd to thee,
Are but light's weak minority;
They are but veils, and Cyphers drawn
Like Clouds, before thy glorious dawn.

* *St John, chap.* 6. *ver.* 44. 65.

O come! ariſe! ſhine! do not ſtay,
Dearly lov'd day!
The fields are long ſince white, and I
With earneſt groans for freedom cry;
My fellow creatures too ſay, *Come!*
And ſtones, though ſpeechleſs, are not dumb.
When ſhall we hear that glorious voice
Of life and joys?
That voice, which to each ſecret bed
Of my Lord's dead,
Shall bring true day, and make duſt ſee,
The way to immortality?
When ſhall thoſe firſt white Pilgrims riſe,
Whoſe holy, happy Hiſtories,
Becauſe they ſleep ſo long, ſome men
Count but the blots of a vain pen?
Dear Lord! make haſte!
Sin every day commits more waſte;
And thy old enemy, which knows
His time is ſhort, more raging grows.
Nor moan I onely, though profuſe,
Thy Creature's bondage and abuſe;
But what is higheſt ſin and ſhame,
The vile deſpight done to thy name;
The forgeries, which impious wit
And power force on Holy Writ,
With all deteſtable deſigns,
That may diſhonor thoſe pure lines.
O God! though mercy be in thee
The greateſt attribute we ſee,
And the moſt needful for our ſins;
Yet, when thy mercy nothing wins
But meer diſdain, let not man ſay
Thy arm doth ſleep; but write this day

Thy judging one: Deſcend, deſcend!
Make all things new, and without end!

Pſalm 65.

Sion's true, glorious God! on thee
Praiſe waits in all humility.
All fleſh ſhall unto thee repair,
To thee, O thou that heareſt prayer!
But ſinful words and works ſtill ſpread
And over-run my heart and head;
Tranſgreſſions make me foul each day;
O purge them, purge them all away!

Happy is he, whom thou wilt chooſe
To ſerve thee in thy bleſſed houſe!
Who in thy holy Temple dwells,
And fill'd with joy thy goodneſs tells!
King of Salvation! by ſtrange things
And terrible Thy Juſtice brings
Man to his duty. Thou alone
Art the worlds hope, and but thee, none.
Sailors that flote on flowing ſeas
Stand firm by thee, and have ſure peace.
Thou ſtill'ſt the loud waves, when moſt wild,
And mak'ſt the raging people mild.
Thy arm did firſt the mountains lay,
And girds their rocky heads this day.
The moſt remote, who know not thee,
At thy great works aſtoniſh'd be.

The *outgoings* of the *Even* and *Dawn*,
In *Antiphones* ſing to thy Name:

Thou viſit'ſt the low earth, and then
Water'ſt it for the ſons of men;
Thy upper river, which abounds
With fertil ſtreams, makes rich all grounds;
And by thy mercies ſtill ſupplied
The ſower doth his bread provide.
Thou water'ſt every ridge of land,
And ſettleſt with thy ſecret hand
The furrows of it; then thy warm
And opening ſhowers, reſtrain'd from harm,
Soften the mould, while all unſeen
The blade grows up alive and green.
The year is with thy goodneſs crown'd,
And all thy paths drop fatneſs round;
They drop upon the wilderneſs,
For thou doſt even the deſarts bleſs,
And hills all full of ſpringing pride,
Wear freſh adornments on each ſide.
The fruitful flocks fill every Dale,
And purling Corn doth cloath the Vale;
They ſhout for joy, and joyntly ſing,
Glory to the eternal King!

The Throne.

Revel. chap. 20. *ver.* 11.

WHen with theſe eyes, clos'd now by thee,
But then reſtor'd,
The great and white throne I ſhall ſee
Of my dread Lord:
And lowly kneeling, for the moſt

Still then muſt kneel,
Shall look on him, at whoſe high coſt
Unſeen ſuch joys I feel.

What ever arguments or ſkill
Wiſe heads ſhall uſe,
Tears onely and my bluſhes ſtill
I will produce.
And ſhould thoſe ſpeechleſs beggers fail,
Which oft have won,
Then taught by thee I will prevail,
And ſay, *Thy will be done!*

Death.

THough ſince thy firſt ſad entrance by
Juſt *Abel's* blood,
'Tis now ſix thouſand years well nigh,
And ſtill thy ſovereignty holds good;
Yet by none art thou underſtood.

We talk and name thee with much eaſe,
As a tryed thing,
And every one can ſlight his leaſe,
As if it ended in a Spring,
Which ſhades and bowers doth rent-free bring.

To thy dark land theſe heedleſs go.
But there was *One*,
Who ſearch'd it quite through to and fro,
And then, returning like the Sun,
Diſcover'd all that there is done.

And ſince his death we throughly ſee
All thy dark way;
Thy ſhades but thin and narrow be,
Which his firſt looks will quickly fray:
Miſts make but triumphs for the day.

As harmleſs violets, which give
Their virtues here
For ſalves and ſyrups while they live,
Do after calmly diſappear,
And neither grieve, repine, nor fear:

So dye his ſervants; and as ſure
Shall they revive.
Then let not duſt your eyes obſcure,
But lift them up, where ſtill alive,
Though fled from you, their ſpirits hive.

The Feaſt.

Come away,
Make no delay,
Come while my heart is clean and ſteddy!
While Faith and Grace
Adorn the place,
Making duſt and aſhes ready!

No bliſs here lent
Is permanent,
Such triumphs poor fleſh cannot merit;
Short ſips and ſights
Endear delights:
Who ſeeks for more he would inherit.

Come then, true bread,
Quickning the dead,
Whoſe eater ſhall not, cannot dye!
Come, antedate
On me that ſtate,
Which brings poor duſt the victory.

Aye victory,
Which from thine eye
Breaks as the day doth from the eaſt,
When the ſpilt dew
Like tears doth ſhew
The ſad world wept to be releaſt.

Spring up, O wine,
And ſpringing ſhine
With ſome glad meſſage from his heart,
Who did, when ſlain,
Theſe means ordain
For me to have in Him a part!

Such a ſure part
In his bleſt heart,
The well where living waters ſpring,
That with it fed
Poor duſt, though dead,
Shall riſe again, and live, and ſing.

O drink and bread,
Which ſtrikes death dead,
The food of man's immortal being!
Under veyls here
Thou art my chear,
Preſent and ſure without my ſeeing.

How doſt thou flye
And ſearch and pry
Through all my parts, and like a quick
And knowing lamp
Hunt out each damp,
Whoſe ſhadow makes me ſad or ſick!

O what high joys!
The Turtle's voice
And ſongs I hear! O quickning ſhowers
Of my Lord's blood,
You make rocks bud,
And crown dry hils with wells and flowers!

For this true eaſe
This healing peace,
For this brief taſte of living glory,
My ſoul and all,
Kneel down and fall,
And ſing his ſad victorious ſtory!

O thorny crown
More ſoft than down!
O painful Croſs my bed of reſt!
O ſpear, the key
Opening the way!
O thy worſt ſtate my onely beſt!

O all thy griefs
Are my reliefs,
As all my ſins thy ſorrows were!
And what can I,
To this reply?
What, O God! but a ſilent tear?

Some toil and ſow
That wealth may flow,
And dreſs this earth for next year's meat:
But let me heed
Why thou didſted,
And what in the next world to eat.

Revel. chap. 19. ver. 9.

Bleſſed are they which are called unto the marriage Supper of the Lamb!

The Obſequies.

SInce dying for me, thou didſt crave no more
Than common pay,
Some few true tears, and thoſe ſhed for
My own ill way;
With a cheap, plain remembrance ſtill
Of thy ſad death,
Becauſe forgetfulneſs would kill
Even life's own breath:
I were moſt fooliſh and unkinde
In my own ſenſe,
Should I not ever bear in minde,
If not thy mighty love, my own defenſe.
Therefore thoſe looſe delights and luſts, which here
Men call good chear,
I will, cloſe girt and tyed,
For mourning ſack-cloth wear all mortified.

Not but that mourners too can have
Rich weeds and ſhrouds;
For ſome wore *White* ev'n in thy grave,

And Joy, like light, ſhines oft in clouds:
But thou, who didſt man's whole life earn,
Doſt ſo invite and woo me ſtill,
That to be merry I want ſkill,
And time to learn.
Beſides, thoſe Kerchiefs ſometimes ſhed
To make me brave,
I cannot finde, but where thy head
Was once laid for me in thy grave.
Thy grave! To which my thoughts ſhall move
Like Bees in ſtorms unto their Hive;
That from the murd'ring world's falſe love
Thy death may keep my ſoul alive.

The Water-fall.

With what deep murmurs, through time's
ſilent ſtealth.
Doth thy tranſparent, cool and watry
wealth
Here flowing fall,
And chide and call,
As if his liquid, looſe Retinue ſtaid
Lingring, and were of this ſteep place afraid;
The common paſs,
Where, clear as glaſs,
All muſt deſcend
Not to an end,
But quickned by this deep and rocky grave,
Riſe to a longer courſe more bright and brave.

Dear ſtream! dear bank! where often I
Have ſate, and pleas'd my penſive eye;

Why, ſince each drop of thy quick ſtore
Runs thither whence it flow'd before,
Should poor ſouls fear a ſhade or night,
Who came ſure from a ſea of light?
Or ſince thoſe drops are all ſent back
So ſure to thee that none doth lack,
Why ſhould frail fleſh doubt any more
That what God takes He'll not reſtore?

O uſeful Element and clear!
My ſacred waſh and cleanſer here;
My firſt conſigner unto thoſe
Fountains of life, where the Lamb goes!
What ſublime truths, and wholeſome themes,
Lodge in thy myſtical, deep ſtreams!
Such as dull man can never finde,
Unleſs that Spirit lead his minde,
Which firſt upon thy face did move
And hatch'd all with his quickning love.
As this loud brook's inceſſant fall
In ſtreaming rings reſtagnates all,
Which reach by courſe the bank, and then
Are no more ſeen, juſt ſo paſs men.
O my inviſible eſtate,
My glorious liberty, ſtill late!
Thou art the Channel my ſoul ſeeks,
Not this with Cataracts and Creeks.

Quickneſs.

Alſe life! a foil, and no more, when
Wilt thou be gone?
Thou foul deception of all men,
That would not have the true come on?

Thou art a Moon-like toil; a blinde
Self-poſing ſtate;
A dark conteſt of waves and winde;
A meer tempeſtuous debate.

Life is a fix'd, diſcerning light,
A knowing Joy;
No chance, or fit: but ever bright
And calm and full, yet doth not cloy.

'Tis ſuch a bliſsful thing, that ſtill
Doth vivifie,
And ſhine and ſmile, and hath the ſkill
To pleaſe without Eternity.

Thou art a toylſom Mole, or leſs
A moving miſt.
But life is, what none can expreſs,
A quickneſs, which my God hath kiſt.

The Wreath.

Ince I in ſtorms us'd moſt to be,
And ſeldom yielded flowers,
How ſhall I get a wreath for thee
From thoſe rude, barren hours?

The ſofter dreſſings of the Spring,
Or Summer's later ſtore,
I will not for thy temples bring,
Which *Thorns*, not *Roſes*, wore.

But a twin'd wreath of *grief* and *praiſe*,
Praiſe ſoil'd with tears, and tears again
Shining with joy, like dewy days,
This day I bring for all thy pain;
Thy cauſleſs pain! and, ſad as death,
Which ſadneſs breeds in the moſt vain,
(O not in vain!) now beg thy breath,
Thy quickning breath, which gladly bears
Through ſaddeſt clouds to that glad place,
Where cloudleſs Quires ſing without tears,
Sing thy juſt praiſe, and ſee thy face.

The Queer.

Tell me whence that joy doth ſpring,
Whoſe diet is divine and fair,
Which wears heaven like a bridal ring,
And tramples on doubts and deſpair?

Whoſe Eaſtern traffique deals in bright
And boundleſs Empyrean themes,
Mountains of ſpice, Day-ſtars and light,
Green trees of life, and living ſtreams?

Tell me, O tell, who did thee bring,
And here without my knowledge plac'd;
Till thou didſt grow and get a wing,
A wing with eyes, and eyes that taſte?

Sure, *holyneſs* the *Magnet* is,
And *Love* the *Lure*, that woos thee down:
Which makes the high tranſcendent bliſs
Of knowing thee, ſo rarely known!

The Book.

ETernal God! maker of all
That have liv'd here ſince the man's fall!
The Rock of ages! in whoſe ſhade
They live unſeen, when here they fade!

Thou knew'ſt this *papyr*, when it was
Meer *ſeed*, and after that but *graſs*;
Before 'twas *dreſt* or *ſpun*, and when
Made *linen*, who did *wear* it then:
What were their lifes, their thoughts and deeds,
Whether good *corn*, or fruitleſs *weeds*.

Thou knew'ſt this *Tree*, when a green *ſhade*
Cover'd it ſince a *Cover* made,
And where it flouriſh'd, grew and ſpread,
As if it never ſhould be dead.

Thou knew'ſt this harmleſs *beaſt*, when he
Did live and feed by thy decree
On each green thing; then ſlept well fed
Cloath'd with this *ſkin*, which now lies ſpred
A *Covering* o're this aged book,
Which makes me wiſely weep, and look
On my own duſt; meer duſt it is,
But not ſo dry and clean as this.
Thou knew'ſt and ſaw'ſt them all, and though
Now ſcatter'd thus, doſt know them ſo.

O knowing, glorious Spirit! when
Thou ſhalt reſtore trees, beaſts and men,
When thou ſhalt make all new again,
Deſtroying onely death and pain,
Give him amongſt thy works a place,
Who in them lov'd and ſought thy face!

To the Holy Bible.

Book! life's guide! how ſhall we part,
And thou ſo long ſeiz'd of my heart?
Take this laſt kiſs; and let me weep
True thanks to thee before I ſleep.

Thou wert the firſt put in my hand,
When yet I could not underſtand,
And daily didſt my yong eyes lead
To letters, till I learnt to read.
But as raſh youths, when once grown ſtrong,
Flye from their Nurſes to the throng,
Where they new Conſorts chooſe, and ſtick
To thoſe till either hurt or ſick;
So with that firſt light gain'd from thee
Ran I in chaſe of vanity,
Cryed droſs for gold, and never thought
My firſt cheap Book had all I ſought.
Long reign'd this vogue; and thou caſt by
With meek, dumb looks didſt woo mine eye,
And oft left open would'ſt convey
A ſudden and moſt ſearching ray
Into my ſoul, with whoſe quick touch
Refining ſtill I ſtrugled much.
By this milde art of love at length

Thou overcam'ſt my ſinful ſtrength,
And having brought me home, didſt there
Shew me that pearl I ſought elſewhere.
Gladneſs, and peace, and hope, and love,
The ſecret favors of the Dove;
Her quickning kindneſs, ſmiles and kiſſes,
Exalted pleaſures, crowning bliſſes,
Fruition, union, glory, life
Thou didſt lead to, and ſtill all ſtrife.
Living, thou wert my ſoul's ſure eaſe,
And dying mak'ſt me go in peace:
Thy next *Effects* no tongue can tell;
Farewel, O book of God! farewel!

S. Luke chap. 2. ver. 14.

Glory be to God in the higheſt, and on Earth peace, good will towards men.

L'Envoy.

O The new world's new quickning Sun!
Ever the ſame, and never done!
The ſeers of whoſe ſacred light
Shall all be dreſt in ſhining white,
And made conformable to his
Immortal ſhape, who wrought their bliſs;
Ariſe, ariſe!
And like old cloaths fold up theſe ſkies,
This long worn veyl: then ſhine and ſpread
Thy own bright ſelf over each head,
And through thy creatures pierce and paſs,
Till all becomes thy cloudleſs glaſs,
Tranſparent as the pureſt day

And without blemiſh or decay,
Fixt by thy ſpirit to a ſtate
For evermore immaculate;
A ſtate fit for the ſight of thy
Immediate, pure and unveil'd eye,
A ſtate agreeing with thy minde,
A ſtate thy birth and death deſign'd:
A ſtate for which thy creatures all
Travel and groan, and look and call.
O ſeeing thou haſt paid our ſcore,
Why ſhould the curſe reign any more?
But ſince thy number is as yet
Unfiniſh'd, we ſhall gladly ſit
Till all be ready, that the train
May fully fit thy glorious reign.
Onely, let not our haters brag
Thy ſeamdleſs coat is grown a rag,
Or that thy truth was not here known,
Becauſe we forc'd thy judgements down.
Dry up their arms who vex thy ſpouſe,
And take the glory of thy houſe
To deck their own; then give thy ſaints
That faithful zeal, which neither faints,
Nor wildly burns, but meekly ſtill
Dares own the truth, and ſhew the ill.
Fruſtrate thoſe cancerous, cloſe arts,
Which cauſe ſolution in all parts,
And ſtrike them dumb, who for meer words
Wound thy beloved more than ſwords.
Dear Lord, do this! and then let grace
Deſcend, and hallow all the place.
Incline each hard heart to do good,
And cement us with thy Son's blood;
That like true ſheep, all in one fold

We may be fed, and one minde hold.
Give watchful ſpirits to our guides;
For ſin like water hourly glides
By each man's door, and quickly will
Turn in, if not obſtructed ſtill.
Therefore write in their hearts thy law,
And let theſe long, ſharp judgements awe
Their very thoughts, that by their clear
And holy lives mercy may here
Sit regent yet, and bleſſings flow
As faſt as perſecutions now.
So ſhall we know in war and peace
Thy ſervice to be our ſole eaſe,
With proſtrate ſouls adoring thee,
Who turn'd our ſad captivity!

S. Clemens apud Baſil:

Ζῇ ὁ Θεὸς, καὶ ὁ κύριος Ιησοῦς Χριστὸς,
καὶ τὸ πνεῦμα τὸ ἅγιον.

THALIA REDIVIVA.

PIOUS THOUGHTS AND EJACULATIONS.

PART III.

Pious Thoughts and Ejaculations.

From a volume entitled Thalia Rediviva.

To his Books.

BRight books! the perſpectives to our weak ſights,
The clear projections of diſcerning lights,
Burning and ſhining thoughts, man's poſthume day,
The track of fled ſouls, and their milkie way,
The dead alive and buſie, the ſtill voice
Of enlarged ſpirits, kind Heaven's white decoys!
Who lives with you lives like thoſe knowing flowers,
Which in commerce with light ſpend all their hours;
Which ſhut to clouds, and ſhadows nicely ſhun,
But with glad haſte unveil to kiſs the Sun.
Beneath you all is dark and a dead night,
Which whoſo lives in wants both health and ſight.
By ſucking you the wiſe, like bees, do grow
Healing and rich, though this they do moſt ſlow,
Becauſe moſt choicely; for as great a ſtore
Have we of Books as bees of herbs, or more:
And the great taſk to try, then know, the good,

To diſcern weeds, and judge of wholeſome food,
Is a rare ſcant performance. For man dyes
Oft ere 'tis done, while the bee feeds and flyes.
But you were all choice flowers; all ſet and dreſſed
By old ſage floriſts, who well knew the beſt:
And I amidſt you all am turned a weed,
Not wanting knowledge, but for want of heed.
Then thank thyſelf, wild fool, that would'ſt not be
Content to know,—what was too much for thee!

Looking back.

FAir, ſhining mountains of my pilgrimage
And flowery vales, whoſe flowers were ſtars!
The days and nights of my firſt happy age,
An age without diſtaſte or warrs!
When I by thought aſcend your ſunny heads,
And mind thoſe ſacred midnight lights
By which I walked, when curtained rooms and beds
Confined or ſealed up other's ſights;

O then, how bright, and quick a light
Doth bruſh my heart and ſcatter night!
Chaſing that ſhade, which my ſins made,
While I ſo ſpring, as if I could not fade.
How brave a proſpect is a traverſed plain,
Where flowers and Palms refreſh the eye!
And days well ſpent like the glad Eaſt remain,
Whoſe morning glories cannot dye.

The Shower.

Waters above! Eternal ſprings!
The dew that ſilvers the Dove's wings!
O welcome, welcome to the ſad!
Give dry duſt drink, drink that makes glad.
Many fair Evenings, many flowers
Sweetened with rich and gentle ſhowers,
Have I enjoyed, and down have run
Many a fine and ſhining Sun;
But never, till this happy hour,
Was bleſt with ſuch an Evening ſhower!

Diſcipline.

Fair Prince of life! Light's living Well!
Who haſt the keys of death and Hell;
If the mule man deſpiſe thy day,
Put chains of Darkneſs in his way.
Teach him how deep, how various are
The counſels of thy love and care.
When acts of grace and a long peace,
Breed but rebellion, and diſpleaſe,
Then give him his own way and will,
Where lawleſs he may run, until
His own choice hurts him, and the ſting
Of his foul ſin full ſorrows bring.
If Heaven and Angels, hopes and mirth,
Pleaſe not the mole ſo much as Earth,
Give him his mine to dig, or dwell,
And one ſad ſcheme of hideous Hell.

The Ecclipſe.

WHither, O whither didſt thou fly?
When did I grieve thy holy eye?
When thou didſt mourn to ſee me loſt,
And all thy care and counſels croſt.
O do not grieve, whereer thou art!
Thy grief is an undoing ſmart,
Which doth not only pain, but break
My heart, and makes me bluſh to ſpeak.
Thy anger I could kiſs, and will;
But O thy grief, thy grief, doth kill!

Affliction.

COme, and welcome! Come, refine!
For Moors, if waſhed by thee, will ſhine.
Man bloſſoms at thy touch, and he,
When thou drawſt blood, is thy roſe-tree.
Croſſes make ſtraight his crooked ways,
And clouds but coòl his dog-ſtar days;
Diſeaſes too, when by thee bleſſed,
Are both reſtoratives and reſt.
Flowers that in ſunſhine riot ſtill,
Dye ſcorched and ſapleſs; though ſtorms kill.
The fall is fair even to deſire
Where in their ſweetneſs all expire.
O come, pour on! what calms can be
So fair as ſtorms that appeaſe thee?

Retirement.

Reſh fields and woods! the Earth's fair face!
God's footſtool! and man's dwelling place!
I aſk not why the firſt believer*
Did love to be a country liver,
Who to ſecure pious content
Did pitch by groves and wells his tent,
Where he might view the boundleſs ſkie,
And all thoſe glorious lights on high,
With flying meteors, miſts, and ſhowers,
Subjected hills, trees, meads, and flowers,
And every minute bleſs the King,
And wiſe Creator of each thing?

I aſk not why he did remove
To happy Mamre's holy grove,
Leaving the cities of the plain
To Lot and his ſucceſsleſs train?
All various luſts in cities ſtill
Are found; they are the thrones of ill;
The diſmal ſinks, where blood is ſpilled,
Cages with much uncleanneſs filled.
But rural ſhades are the ſweet ſenſe
Of piety and innocenſe;
They are the meek's calm region, where
Angels deſcend and rule the ſphere;
Where Heaven lies leaguer, and the Dove
Duely as dew comes from above.
If Eden be on earth at all,
'Tis that which we the Country call.

* *Abraham.*

The Revival.

UNfold! unfold! Take in His light,
Who makes thy cares more ſhort than night.
The joyes which with His day-ſtar riſe
He deals to all but drowſie eyes;
And, (what the men of this world miſs)
Some drops and dews of future bliſs.

Hark! how the winds have changed their note!
And with warm whiſpers call thee out.
The froſts are paſt, the ſtorms are gone,
And backward life at laſt comes on.
The lofty groves in expreſs joyes
Reply unto the turtle's voice;
And here in duſt and dirt, O here
The lilies of His love appear!

The Day ſpring.

EArly, while yet the dark was gay
And gilt with ſtars, more trim than day,
Heaven's Lily, and the Earth's chaſte Roſe,
The green immortal BRANCH, aroſe,
And in a ſolitary place
Bowed to His Father His bleſt face.

If this calm ſeaſon pleaſed my Prince,
Whoſe fulneſs no need could evince,
Why ſhould not I, poor ſilly ſheep,
His hours, as well as practice, keep?

Not that his hand is tyed to theſe,
From whom time holds his tranſient leaſe;
But mornings new Creations are,
When men, all night ſaved by His care,
Are ſtill revived; and well He may
Expect them grateful with the day.
So for that firſt draught of His hand,
Which finiſhed Heaven, and ſea, and land,
The Sons of God their thanks did bring,
And all the morning ſtars did ſing.
Beſides, as His part heretofore
The firſtlings were of all that bore,
So now each day from all He ſaves
Their ſoul's firſt thoughts and fruits He craves.
This makes Him daily ſhed and ſhower
His graces at this early hour;
Which both His care and kindneſs ſhew,
Cheering the good, quickening the ſlow.
As holy friends mourn at delay,
And think each minute an hour's ſtay,
So His divine and loving Dove
With longing throes doth heave and move,
And ſoare about us, while we ſleep,
Sometimes quite through that lock doth peep,
And ſhine, but always without fail
Before the ſlow ſcene can unveile,
In new compaſſions breaks, like light,
And morning looks, which ſcatter night.
And wilt thou let thy creature be,
Where thou haſt watched, aſleep to thee?
Why to unwelcome loathed ſurprizes
Doſt leave him, having left his vices?
Since theſe, if ſuffered, may again
Lead back the living to the ſlain.

O change this Scourge; or if as yet
None leſs will my tranſgreſſions fit,
Diſſolve, diſſolve! Death cannot do
What I would not ſubmit unto.

The Recovery.

Air veſſel of our daily light, whoſe proud
And previous glories gild that bluſhing
cloud;
Whoſe lively fires in ſwift projections glance
From hill to hill, and by refracted chance
Burniſh ſome neighbour rock, or tree, and then
Fly off in coy and winged flames again;—
If thou this day
Hold on thy way,
Know I have got a greater light than thine;
A light, whoſe ſhade and back parts thee outſhine.
Then get thee down! then get thee down!
I have a Sun now of my own.

Thoſe nicer livers, who without thy rays
Stir not abroad, thoſe may thy luſtre praiſe;
And wanting light, light which no wants doth know,
To thee, weak ſhiner, like blind Perſians bow.
But where that Sun, which tramples on thy head,
From his own bright eternal eye doth ſhed
One living ray,
There thy dead day
Is needleſs. Man is to a light made free,
Which ſhews what thou canſt neither ſhew nor ſee!
Then get thee down! then get thee down!
I have a Sun now of my own.

The Nativity.

Written in the year 1656.

PEace! and to all the world! Sure One
And He the Prince of peace, hath none!
He travails to be born, and then
Is born to travail more again.
Poor Galilee, Thou can'ſt not be
The place for His nativity.
His reſtleſs mother's called away,
And not delivered till ſhe pay.

A Tax! 'tis ſo ſtill. We can ſee
The church thrive in her miſery,
And, like her Head at Bethlehem, riſe,
When ſhe oppreſſed with troubles lyes.
Riſe?—Should all fall we cannot be
In more extremities than He.
Great Type of paſſions! Come what will,
Thy grief exceeds all copies ſtill.
Thou cam'ſt from Heaven to Earth, that we
Might go from earth to Heaven with Thee:
And though Thou found'ſt no welcome here,
Thou didſt provide us manſions there.
A ſtable was thy Court, and when
Men turned to beaſts, beaſts would be men:
They were thy courtiers; others none;
And their poor manger was thy throne.
No ſwadling ſilks Thy limbs did fold,
Though Thou could'ſt turn Thy rags to gold.
No Rockers waited on Thy birth,

No cradles ſtirred, nor ſongs of mirth;
But her chaſte lap and ſacred breaſt,
Which lodged Thee firſt, did give Thee reſt.

But ſtay! what light is that doth ſtream
And drop here in a gilded beam?
It is Thy ſtar runs page, and brings
Thy tributary Eaſtern Kings.
Lord! grant ſome light to us; that we
May find with them the way to Thee!
Behold what miſts eclipſe the day!
How dark it is! Shed down one ray,
To guide us out of this dark night,
And ſay once more, "Let there be light!"

The true Chriſtmas.

SO, ſtick up ivie and the bays,
And then reſtore the Heathen ways.
Green will remind you of the Spring,
Though this great day denies the thing;
And mortifies the Earth, and all
But your wild revels, and looſe hall.
Could you wear flowers, and roſes ſtrow
Bluſhing upon your breaſt's warm ſnow,
That very dreſs your lightneſs will
Rebuke, and wither at the ill.
The brightneſs of this day we owe
Not unto muſic, maſque, nor ſhowe;
Nor gallant furniture, nor plate,
But to the manger's mean eſtate.
His life while here, as well as birth,
Was but a check to pomp and mirth;

And all man's greatneſs you may ſee
Condemned by His humility.

Then leave your open houſe and noiſe,
To welcome him with holy joys,
And the poor ſhepherds' watchfulneſs;
Whom light and hymns from Heaven did bleſs.
What you abound with caſt abroad
To thoſe that want, and eaſe your loade.
Who empties thus will bring more in;
But riot is both loſs and ſin.
Dreſs finely what comes not in ſight,
And then you keep your Chriſtmas right!

The Requeſt.

Thou who didſt deny to me
This world's adored felicity,
And every big imperious luſt,
Which fools admire in ſinful duſt,
With thoſe fine ſubtle twiſts that tye
Their bundles of foul gallantry,—
Keep ſtill my weak eyes from the ſhine
Of thoſe gay things which are not Thine!
And ſhut my ears againſt the noiſe
Of wicked, though applauded, joys!
For thou in any land haſt ſtore
Of ſhades and coverts for Thy poor;
Where from the buſie duſt and heat,
As well as ſtorms, they may retreat.
A Rock or Buſh are downy beds,
When Thou art there, crowning their heads
With ſecret bleſſings, or a tire

Made of the Comforter's live fire.
And when thy goodneſs in the dreſs
Of Anger, will not ſeem to bleſs,
Yet doſt Thou give them that rich rain,
Which as it drops clears all again.

O what kind viſits daily paſs
'Twixt Thy great Self and ſuch poor graſs!
With what ſweet looks doth Thy love ſhine
On thoſe low violets of Thine,
While the tall Tulip is accurſt,
And Crowns Imperial dye with thirſt!
O give me ſtill thoſe ſecret meals,
Thoſe rare repaſts which Thy love deals!
Give me that joy which none can grieve,
And which in all griefs doth releive.
This is the portion Thy child begs;
Not that of ruſt, and rags, and dregs.

The World.

CAn any tell me what it is? Can you,
That wind your thoughts into a Clue,
To guide out others, while yourſelves ſtay
And hug the Sin? [in,
I that ſo long in it have lived,
That, if I might,
In truth I would not be reprieved,
Have neither ſight
Nor ſenſe that knows
Theſe ebbs and flows;
But ſince of all, all may be ſaid,
And likelineſs doth but upbraid

And mock the truth, which ſtill is loſt
In fine conceits, like ſtreams in a ſharp froſt;
I will not ſtrive, nor the rule break,
Which doth give loſers leave to ſpeak.
Then falſe and foul world, and unknown
Even to thy own,
Here I renounce thee, and reſign
Whatever thou canſt ſay is thine.

Thou art not Truth! for he that tries
Shall find thee all deceit and lyes.
Thou art not Friendſhip! for in thee
'Tis but the bait of policie;
Which like a Viper lodged in flowers,
Its venom through that ſweetneſs pours;
And when not ſo, then always 'tis
A fading paint, the ſhort-lived bliſs
Of air and humour, out and in,
Like colours in a Dolphin's ſkin:
But muſt not live beyond one day,
Or for Convenience, then away.
Thou art not Riches! for that traſh,
Which one age hoards, the next doth waſh,
And ſo ſeverely ſweep away,
That few remember where it lay.
So rapid ſtreams the wealthy land
About them have at their command;
And ſhifting channels here reſtore,
There break down, what they banked before.
Thou art not Honour! for thoſe gay
Feathers will wear and drop away;
And princes to ſome upſtart line
Give new ones, that are full as fine.
Thou art not Pleaſure! For thy Roſe

Upon a thorn doth ſtill repoſe,
Which, if not cropt, will quickly ſhed,
But ſoon as cropt grows dull and dead.

Thou art the ſand which fills one glaſs,
And then doth to another paſs;
And could I put thee to a ſtay,
Thou art but duſt! Then go thy way,
And leave me clean and bright, though poor;
Who ſtops thee doth but daub his floor;
And, ſwallow like, when he hath done,
To unknown dwellings muſt be gone.

Welcome, pure thoughts, and peaceful hours,
Enriched with ſunſhine and with ſhowers!
Welcome fair hopes, and holy cares,
The not to be repented ſhares
Of time and buſineſs, the ſure road
Unto my laſt and loved abode!
O ſupreme Bliſs!
The circle, center, and abyſs
Of bleſſings, never let me miſs
Nor leave that path, which leads to thee,
Who art alone all things to me!
I hear, I ſee, all the long day
The noiſe and pomp of the "broad way."
I note their coarſe and proud approaches,
Their ſilks, perfumes, and glittering coaches.
But in the "narrow way" to Thee
I obſerve only poverty,
And deſpiſed things; and all along
The ragged, mean, and humble throng
Are ſtill on foot; and as they go
They ſigh, and ſay, Their Lord went ſo!

Give me my ſtaff then, as it ſtood
When green and growing in the wood.
The ſtones, which for the Altar ſerved,
Might not be ſmoothed nor finely carved.
With this poor ſtick I'll paſs the ford,
As Jacob did; And Thy dear word,
As Thou haſt dreſſed it, not as wit
And depraved taſtes have poiſon'd it,
Shall in the paſſage be my meat,
And none elſe ſhall thy ſervant eat.
Thus, thus, and in no other ſort,
Will I ſet forth, though laughed at for't;
And leaving the wiſe world their way,
Go through, though judged to go aſtray.

The Bee.

FRom fruitful beds and flowery borders,
Parcelled to waſteful ranks and orders,
Where ſtate graſps more than plain truth needs,
And wholeſome herbs are ſtarved by weeds,
To the wild woods I will be gone,
And the coarſe meals of great Saint John.

When truth and piety are miſſed
Both in the Rulers and the Prieſt;
When pity is not cold, but dead,
And the rich eat the poor like bread;
While factious heads, with open coile
And force, firſt make, then ſhare, the ſpoile;
To Horeb then Elias goes,
And in the deſart grows the roſe.

Haile Chryſtal fountaines and freſh ſhades,
Where no proud look invades,
No buſie worldling hunts away
The ſad Retirer all the day!
Haile, happy, harmleſs ſolitude!
Our ſanctuary from the rude
And ſcornful world; the calm receſs
Of faith, and hope, and holineſs!
Here ſomething ſtill like Eden looks;
Honey in woods, Juleps in brooks:
And flowers, whoſe rich unrifled ſweets
With a chaſte kiſs the cool dew greets,
When the toyls of the day are done,
And the tired world ſets with the Sun.
Here flying winds, and flowing Wells,
Are the wiſe watchful hermit's bells;
Their buſie murmurs all the night
To praiſe or prayer do invite;
And with an awful ſound arreſt,
And piouſly employ his breaſt.

When in the Eaſt the dawn doth bluſh,
Here cool freſh Spirits the air bruſh.
Herbs ſtrait get up; flowers peep and ſpread;
Trees whiſper praiſe, and bow the head:
Birds, from the ſhades of night releaſed,
Look round about, then quit the neſt,
And with united gladneſs ſing
The glory of the morning's King.
The Hermit hears, and with meek voice
Offers his own up, and their, joyes:
Then prays that all the world might be
Bleſt with as ſweet an unity.

If ſudden ſtorms the day invade,
They flock about him to the ſhade,
Where wiſely they expect the end,
Giving the tempeſt time to ſpend;
And hard by ſhelters on ſome bough
Hilarion's ſervant, the ſage Crow.

O purer years of light and grace!
Great is the difference, as the ſpace,
'Twixt you and us, who blindly run
After falſe fires and leave the ſun.
Is not fair nature of herſelf
Much richer than dull paint and pelf?
And are not ſtreams at the Spring head
More ſweet than in carved ſtone or lead.
But fancy and ſome artiſt's tools
Frame a religion for fools.

The truth, which once was plainly taught,
With thorns and briars now is fraught.
Some part is with bold fables ſpotted,
Some by ſtrange comments wildly blotted;
And Diſcord, old corruption's creſt,
With blood and blame have ſtained the reſt.
So ſnow, which in its firſt deſcents
A whiteneſs like pure Heaven preſents,
When touched by man is quickly ſoiled,
And after trodden down and ſpoiled.

O lead me, where I may be free
In truth and Spirit to ſerve Thee!
Where undiſturbed I may converſe
With thy great Self; and there rehearſe
Thy gifts with thanks; and from thy ſtore,
Who art all bleſſings, beg much more.

Give me the wiſdom of the Bee,
And her unwearied induſtrie!
That from the wild gourds of theſe days,
I may extract health, and Thy praiſe,
Who canſt turn darkneſs into light,
And in my weakneſs ſhew Thy might.

Suffer me not in any want
To ſeek refreſhment from a plant
Thou didſt not ſet; ſince all muſt be
Plucked up, whoſe growth is not from Thee.
'Tis not the garden, and the bowers,
Nor ſenſe and forms, that give to flowers
Their wholeſomeneſs; but Thy good will,
Which truth and pureneſs purchaſe ſtill.

Then ſince corrupt man hath driven hence
Thy kind and Saving influence,
And Balm is no more to be had
In all the coaſts of Gilead;
Go with me to the ſhade and cell,
Where Thy beſt ſervants once did dwell.
There let me know Thy will, and ſee
Exiled religion owned by Thee;
For Thou canſt turn dark grots to Halls,
And make hills bloſſome like the vales,
Decking their untilled heads with flowers,
And freſh delights for all ſad hours;
Till from them, like a laden Bee,
I may fly home, and hive with Thee!

To Chriſtian Religion.

FArewell thou true and tried Refection
Of the ſtill poor and meek Election!
Farewell, Soul's joy, the quickening health
Of Spirits, and their ſureſt wealth!
Farewell, my morning Star, the bright
And dawning looks of the true light!
O bleſſed Shiner, tell me whither
Thou wilt be gone, when night comes hither!
A Seër that obſerved thee in
Thy courſe, and watched the growth of Sin,
Hath given his judgment, and foretold,
That Weſtward hence thy courſe will hold;
And when the day with us is done,
There fix and ſhine a glorious Sun.
O hated ſhades and darkneſs! when
You have got here the ſway again,
And like unwholeſome fogs withſtood
The light, and blaſted all that's good,
Who ſhall the happy ſhepherds be,
To watch the next nativity
Of Truth and brightneſs, and make way
For the returning riſing day?
O what year will bring back our bliſs?
Or who ſhall live, when God doth this?

Thou Rock of ages! and the Reſt
Of all that for Thee are oppreſſed!
Send down the Spirit of thy truth,
That Spirit, which the tender youth,
And firſt growths of Thy ſpouſe did ſpread

Through all the world from one ſmall head!
Then if to blood we muſt reſiſt,
Let Thy mild Dove, and our High Prieſt,
Help us, when man proves falſe, or frowns,
To bear the Croſs, and ſave our Crowns.
O honour thoſe that honour Thee!
Make babes to ſtill the Enemie!
And teach an Infant of few days
To perfect by his death thy praiſe!
Let none defile what Thou didſt wed,
Nor tear the garland from her head!
But chaſte and cheerful let her dye,
And precious in the Bridegroom's eye!
So to Thy glory, and her praiſe,
Theſe laſt ſhall be her brighteſt dayes.

Revel. Chap. laſt. ver. 17.

" The Spirit and the Bride ſay Come."

Daphnis,

An Elegiac Eclogue, (on the death of the Rev'd Thomas Vaughan.)

The Interlocutors, *Damon*, *Menalcas*.

Damon.

WHat clouds, Menalcas, do oppreſs thy brow,
Flowers in a ſunſhine never look ſo low?
Is Niſa ſtill cold flint? or have thy lambs
Met with the fox by ſtraying from their dams?

Menalcas.

Ah, Damon, no! my lambs are ſafe; and ſhe
Is kind, and much more white than they can be.
But what doth life when moſt ſerene afford
Without a worm which gnaws her faireſt gourd?
Our days of gladneſs are but ſhort reliefs,
Given to reſerve us for enduring griefs:
So ſmiling calms cloſe tempeſts breed, which break
Like ſpoilers out, and kill our flocks where weak.
I heard laſt May, and May is ſtill high Spring,
The pleaſant Philomel her veſpers ſing.
The green wood glittered with the golden Sun,
And all the Weſt like ſilver ſhined; not one
Black cloud appeared; no rags, no ſpot did ſtain
The welkin's beauty; nothing frowned like rain.
But ere night came that ſcene of fine ſights turned
To fierce dark ſhowers: the air with lightnings burned;
The wood's ſweet Syren, rudely thus oppreſſed,
Gave to the ſtorm her weak and weary breaſt.
I ſaw her next day on her laſt cold bed:
And Daphnis ſo, juſt ſo is Daphnis, dead!

Damon.

So violets, ſo doth the primroſe, fall,
At once the Spring's pride, and its funeral.
Such early ſweets get off ſtill in their prime,
And ſtay not here to wear the foil of time;
While coarſer flowers, which none would miſs, if paſt,
To ſcorching Summers and cold Autumns laſt.

Menalcas.

Souls need not time. The early forward things
Are always fledged, and gladly uſe their wings.
Or elſe great parts, when injured, quit the crowd,

To ſhine above ſtill, not behind, the cloud.
And is't not juſt to leave thoſe to the night
That madly hate and perſecute the light?
Who, doubly dark, all negroes do exceed,
And inwardly are true black Moores indeed?

Damon.

The puniſhment ſtill manifeſts the ſin,
As outward ſigns ſhew the diſeaſe within.
While worth oppreſſed mounts to a nobler height,
And palm-like bravely overtops the weight.
So where ſwift Iſca from our lofty hills
With loud farewells deſcends, and foaming fills
A wider channel, like ſome great port-vein
With large rich ſtreams to feed the humble plain,
I ſaw an Oak, whoſe ſtately height and ſhade,
Projected far, a goodly ſhelter made;
And from the top with thick diffuſed boughs
In diſtant rounds grew like a wood nymph's houſe.
Here many garlands won at Roundel-lays
Old ſhepherds hung up in thoſe happy days;
With knots and girdles, the dear ſpoils and dreſs
Of ſuch bright maids as did true lovers bleſs.
And many times had old Amphion made
His beauteous flock acquainted with this ſhade;
His flock, whoſe fleeces were as ſmooth and white
As thoſe the welkin ſhows in moonſhine night.
Here, when the careleſs world did ſleep, have I
In dark records and numbers nobly high
The viſions of our black, but brighteſt, Bard
From old Amphion's mouth full often heard;
With all thoſe plagues poor ſhepherds ſince have known,
And riddles more which future times muſt own:
While on his pipe young Hylas plaid, and made

Muſic as ſolemn as the ſong and ſhade.
But the curſt owner from the trembling top
To the firm brink did all thoſe branches lop;
And in one hour what many years had bred,
The pride and beauty of the plain, lay dead.
The undone Swains in ſad ſongs mourned their loſs,
While ſtorms and cold winds did encreaſe the Croſs;
But nature, which, like virtue, ſcorns to yield,
Brought new recruits and ſuccours to the field;
For by next Spring the checked ſap waked from ſleep,
And upwards ſtill to feel the Sun did creep;
Till at thoſe wounds the hated hewer made
There ſprang a thicker and a freſher ſhade.

Menalcas.

So thrives afflicted truth, and ſo the light
When put out gains a value from the night.
How glad are we, when but one twinkling ſtar
Peeps between clouds more black than is our tar:
And Providence was kind, that ordered this
To the brave ſufferer ſhould be ſolid bliſs:
Nor is it ſo till this ſhort life be done,
But goes hence with him, and is ſtill his Sun.

Damon.

Come, ſhepherds, then, and with your greeneſt bays
Refreſh his duſt, who loved your learned lays.
Bring here the florid glories of the Spring,
And, as you ſtrew them, pious anthems ſing;
Which to your children and the years to come
May ſpeak of Daphnis, and be never dumb.
While proſtrate I drop on his quiet urn
My tears, not gifts; and like the poor, that mourn

With green but humble turfs, write o'er his hearſe
For falſe foul proſe-men this fair truth in verſe.

" Here Daphnis ſleeps; and while the great watch goes
" Of loud and reſtleſs time takes his repoſe.
" Fame is but noiſe; all learning is but thought;
" Which one admires, another ſets at nought.
" Nature mocks both; and wit ſtill keeps adoe:
" But death brings knowledge and aſſurance too."

Menalcas.

Caſt in your garlands! ſtrew on all the flowers,
Which May with ſmiles or April feeds with ſhowers:
Let this day's rites as ſteadfaſt as the Sun
Keep pace with time and through all ages run;
The public character and famous teſt
Of our long ſorrows and his laſting reſt.
And when we make proceſſion on the plains,
Or yearly keep the holyday of Swains,
Let Daphnis ſtill be the recorded name,
And ſolemn honour of our feaſts and fame.
For though the Iſis and the prouder Thames
Can ſhew his relics lodged hard by their ſtreams;
And muſt for ever to the honoured name
Of noble Murray chiefly owe that fame:
Yet here his ſtars firſt ſaw him, and when fate
Beckoned him hence, it knew no other date.
Nor will theſe vocal woods and vallies fail,
Nor Iſca's louder ſtreams, this to bewail;
But while Swains hope, and ſeaſons change, will glide
With moving murmurs becauſe Daphnis dyed.

Damon.

A fatal ſadneſs, ſuch as ſtill foregoes,
Then runs along with public plagues and woes,

Lies heavy on us; and the very light
Turned mourner too hath the dull looks of night.
Our vales, like thoſe of death, a darkneſs ſhew
More ſad than Cypreſs or the gloomy Yew.
And on our hills, where health with height complied,
Thick drowſy miſts hang round, and there reſide.
Not one ſhort parcel of the tedious year
In its own dreſs and beauty doth appear.
Flowers hate the Spring; and with a ſullen bend
Thruſt down their heads and to the root ſtill tend.
And though the Sun, like a cold lover, peeps
A little at them, ſtill the day's eye ſleeps.
But when the Crab and Lion with acute
And active fires their ſluggiſh heat recruit,
Our graſs ſtraight ruſſets, and each ſcorching day
Drinks up our brooks as faſt as dew in May;
Till the ſad herdſman with his Cattel faints,
And empty channels ring with loud complaints.

Menalcas.

Heaven's juſt diſpleaſure, and our unjuſt ways,
Change Nature's courſe; bring plagues, dearth, and decays.
This turns our land to duſt, the ſkies to braſs,
Makes old kind bleſſings into curſes paſs:
And when we learn unknown and forraign crimes
Brings in the vengeance due unto thoſe climes.
The dregs and puddle of all ages now,
Like Rivers near their fall, on us do flow
Ah, happy Daphnis! who while yet the ſtreams
Ran clear and warm, though but with ſetting beams,
Got through, and ſaw by that declining light
His toil's and journey's end before the night.

Damon.

A night, where darkneſs lays her chains and bars,
And feral fires appear inſtead of ſtars.
But he along with the laſt looks of day
Went hence, and ſetting Sunlike paſſed away.
What future ſtorms our preſent ſins do hatch
Some in the dark diſcern, and others watch;
Though foreſight makes no hurricane prove mild,
Fury that's long fermenting is moſt wild.
But ſee, while thus our ſorrows we diſcourſe,
Phœbus hath finiſhed his diurnal courſe;
The ſhades prevail: Each buſh ſeems bigger grown;
Darkneſs, like ſtate, makes ſmall things ſwell and frown:
The hills and woods with pipes and ſonnets round,
And bleating ſheep our Swains drive home, reſound.

Menalcas.

What voice from yonder lawn tends hither? Hark!
'Tis Thyrſis calls! I hear Lycanthe bark!
His flocks left out ſo late, and weary grown,
Are to the thickets gone, and there laid down.

Damon.

Menalcas, haſte to look them out! Poor ſheep
When day is done go willingly to ſleep:
And could bad man his time ſpend as they do,
He might go ſleep, or die as willing too.

Menalcas.

Farewell! kind Damon! now the ſhepherd's ſtar
With beauteous looks ſmiles on us though from far.
All creatures that were favorites of day
Are with the Sun retired and gone away.
While feral birds ſend forth unpleaſant notes,

And night, the nurſe of thought, ſad thoughts promotes:
But joy will yet come with the morning light,
Though ſadly now we bid good night!

Damon.

Good night!

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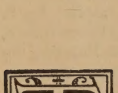

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